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A Slight Case of Sulphur

MR. HAROLD WILSON is said to be going to Washington in search of sulphur. Unless he succeeds—and quickly—a large section of British industry will be idle within a matter of weeks. Sulphur is one of the many raw materials—zinc, nickel, chrome and copper are other examples—which, though they do not bulk large in our list of imports, are just as essential as coal, cotton or steel if the wheels of industry are to be kept moving. To-day the main source of sulphur is the U.S. and, though there is some legitimate cause of anxiety in the long term about supplies, the immediate reserves are, in terms of British requirements, immense. Yet the fact remains that, two months after the Attlee-Truman talks in Washington, when raw material allocations stood high on the agenda, the President of the Board of Trade has to make a special emergency visit to the States in order to prevent an imminent breakdown of British industrial production.

The sulphur crisis, however, is only one symptom of the chaos which breakneck American rearmament is causing throughout the non-Communist world. Since last summer fantastic stockpiling has been taking place in the U.S., both by the Administration, for strategic reasons, and by private speculators, in the hope of quick profits on a rising market. As a result, raw material prices have been rocketing. Vast profits are being made throughout the Commonwealth by sheep farmers in Australia and New Zealand and by rubber and tin producers in Malaya, for instance, and the Chancellor watches his gold and dollar reserves mounting daily as a result of this orgy of speculation. Like King Midas, he has been granted the golden touch and, as a result, British industry is starving for raw materials and the British housewife must content herself with window-shopping and see almost each week new price tabs stuck on the articles which she desperately needs.

In face of these events, it is not sufficient to send Mr. Wilson scurrying across the Atlantic in search of sulphur and one or two other scarce commodities. The Government has to make it clear in Washington that, apart from other objections, the new, enlarged, defence plan, which Britain is being pressed to endorse, cannot technically be undertaken unless the U.S. at once accepts international price control and rationing of scarce raw materials, foodstuffs and shipping space, and agrees to establish Joint Commodity Boards to achieve these purposes. If this is not done quickly, rearmament will have devastating social repercussions, not only at home but throughout the colonial territories, and it will increase the danger of Communism, which it is designed to prevent.

But this is not the whole story. Price increases are already far outstripping the wage increases granted since last summer, and any talk of a wage freeze is ridiculous unless this price inflation can be held. The Government has promised "special measures." But it is confronted with a painful dilemma. Ought it to face now, for instance, the necessity for reintroducing clothes rationing, combined with a subsidy to peg prices, instead of waiting until the position is completely out of hand? Since the defence programme demands the transfer of many hundreds of thousands of men from one job to another, would it be wise to ensure that this is done in an orderly way, even if this involves some measure of direction?

The Government is rightly reluctant to take such steps, which would be regarded as implying that a full war-economy must be introduced because war has become inevitable. On the other hand, if it delays the imposition of curbs and controls—none of which would be popular with electors—it risks allowing rearmament, on the scale proposed, to create conditions of inflation, shortage and haphazard unemployment. In short, we have here one more example of the way in which the Government has let itself be pulled down the slippery slope into a position from which it cannot extricate itself with credit. Last year, it gave a pledge that the burden of defence should not exceed our capacity to bear it without damage to our economy, and that it should not involve the sacrifice of our independence. That pledge is not being fulfilled. The only hope of retrieving the situation is for Britain, here and now, to insist that, before matters go any further, a genuine and constructive effort must be made, at an early Four-Power conference, to reach an agreement which would progressively relieve international tension.

Dr. Adenauer's Conditions

The gist of what the West German political leaders now expect from the Western Powers was conveniently, if somewhat crudely, summarised by Chancellor Adenauer on Sunday. The Russians, he averred, would now ask the three Western Powers to negotiate upon the

demilitarisation and neutralisation of Germany. This would leave Germany defenceless and without firm Allies; and, as a result, "Germany would quickly drift into the Soviet sphere of influence." The rest of Dr. Adenauer's speech made it clear that he and his friends would regard a Western agreement with the Russians as betrayal and disaster. What the Western Powers should do, apparently, is to reject all and any Russian proposals and to press on with the integration of "federal German forces" into a West European army.

In saying these things, no doubt, Adenauer was doing no more than express the thoughts of most conservative Germans, for whom a Western agreement with Russia would ruin their hopes of regaining power and prestige by playing off one former enemy against another. But it is an attitude which the British and French Governments can accept only at the price of tying themselves to the ambitions of unrepentant German nationalism. Any Western encouragement of this attitude in Germany seems deplorable. It is therefore to be hoped that Dr. Adenauer had no foundation in fact for alleging that the British High Commissioner, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick—whose remarks on German war criminals were found "unfortunate" by Mr. Attlee in the Commons on Monday—stated lately in London that, in matters of international policy, "the Federal Government should now have the right of prior consultation." To crab the chances of Four-Power agreement in this way would be the negation of diplomacy.

Dockland in Doubt

The trouble in the docks has taken a new turn. On Merseyside, and especially at Birkenhead, the dispute still centres on earnings. Less piece-work is done, and fewer special allowances paid on the Mersey than in the London docks; and the recent wage advances work out, in consequence, less favourably for the Merseyside men. In London, though the demand for the Dockers' Charter comes into the picture, the main issues now seem to be the arrest of the unofficial strike leaders and the continuance of the war-time restrictions on strike action. Though the London dock strikers went back to work on Tuesday—a lead followed by the men on strike in Manchester—the Strike Committee has announced that the intention is to call for a general walk-out next Monday, on the eve of the appearance before the magistrate of the strike leaders arrested last week.

Before the arrest, the signs were that support in London for the strikers on Merseyside was partial and half-hearted; and the decision to prosecute the men's unofficial leaders—a decision apparently taken with the full approval of the new Minister of Labour—has clearly had the effect of embittering the men. Apart from this, there is undoubtedly a wide-spread feeling that, as far as the docks are concerned, the Transport and General Workers Union has become more a part of the machinery of government than a protective agency standing for the dockers' interests; and this feeling has not been dissipated by the acceptance at a delegate conference of the recent wage settlement. Complicated by Mr. Deakin's emphatic leadership in the crusade against "Red" influences in the trade unions, and, in particular, in his own empire, the dockers' dissatisfaction is also connected with the sheer size of the T. and G.W.U., with the special relations to the State involved in the Dock Labour Scheme, and with the international politics which impinge on waterside workers all over the world. Doubts and discontents seem likely to prevail in the docks until someone manages to talk to the dockers in their own language and to interpret adequately their half-articulate feelings.

Disappointed Railwaymen

The findings of the Court of Inquiry into the wages claims on the railways have been promptly rejected by the railway unions. This was only to be expected. The Railway Clerks' Association had asked for an increase of 7½ per cent., the N.U.R. for 10 per cent., and the A.S.L.E.F. for 15 per cent. These claims have been rejected by the Court, whose award, recommending an increase of 5 per cent. in the majority of grades, differs little from the offer, which the unions had previously refused, by the Railway Executive. So far as wages are concerned, the Court's recommendations would still leave minimum wages at a very low level in relation to other trades.

Still less acceptable, however, are the finding of the Court that wage advances should be subject to the conditions which the Railway Executive vainly sought to impose. That is, there is to be an extension of the (highly unpopular) "lodging turns"—with the provisos that lodging allowance should be increased from 6s. to 9s., and that resultant redundancy should not be declared for three months, so as to give time for absorption. Furthermore, the Court recommends that the rostered hours of duty should be extended to nine, and that the practice of calling train men for rostered times of duty should be abolished.

In the opinion of the Court, the financial position of the railways is such that no wage increase could be recommended except in conjunction with positive measures to reduce running costs. We doubt if the railwaymen will see the situation in this light; and the position is undoubtedly complicated by the feeling that the cuts in schedules effected recently to save fuel may be used by the Railway Executive as an excuse for dismissals of "redundant" staff.

Gold Coast Portents

The outstanding fact about the Gold Coast elections is that the Convention People's Party, which stands for an independent Gold Coast with Dominion status within the Commonwealth, has achieved a remarkable victory although deprived of its leaders during the preparatory period. When the Governor decided to arrest Kwame Nkrumah and five other C.P.P. leaders after the Gold Coast troubles, many observers thought that, consciously or not, he had in fact truncated the electoral hopes of the C.P.P. They evidently misjudged the capacities of Gold Coast Africans to keep a political end clearly in view and to work for it with zeal and effect. The first African colony ever to achieve a freely elected Native parliament has given the Convention People's Party 38 seats out of a total of 84, of whom nine are Europeans; and Kwame Nkrumah, whom the Governor forthwith released from gaol together with his five comrades, is now the Prime Minister-elect of the Gold Coast. Another surprise is the careful sobriety of Mr. Nkrumah's statement on the crest of his triumph. He reaffirmed his Party's desire to make the Gold Coast "a sovereign independent Dominion," adding that "we shall remain within the British Commonwealth of Nations. We are not even thinking of a republic." He described himself as a Marxist, but not a Communist. The new Gold Coast Constitution—under which these elections were held—he considered to be "bogus and fraudulent," since "Ministers will have portfolios but no power." But "it is to the advantage of the country that we should give the Constitution a trial. We think it will be a stepping stone." They wanted no more "district commissioners from Britain," but "teachers, scientists, and technicians," and they would look for these in Britain first. "We are definitely not anti-British. We are against racialism. We are fighting against a system and not races. The system is imperialism."

A Labour Achievement

No less than progressive people in the Gold Coast, the Labour Movement in Britain can take a reasonable pride in this electoral achievement. It represents a success, all the more welcome because it is surprising, for the policies associated especially with Mr. Creech-Jones and with the Colonial Office since 1945. Creech-Jones always held that the African peoples would know how to exploit any genuine opportunities to achieve self-government which a benevolent colonial Power might in good time afford them. To go too fast would be to risk confusion and perhaps chaos; to go too slowly would be to provoke a bitterness from which violence would all too probably result. Although there is a case for saying that Labour policy towards the colonies has tended to lose sight of its earlier objectives, and to retire into a timid gradualism, there will be general agreement that these criticisms have been robbed of much of their sting in West Africa by the way in which the concept of political responsibility is seizing hold of the peoples of West Africa. What is now required of the Labour Government is that it should draw appropriate conclusions from events in the Gold Coast, and should press forward all the more vigorously towards raising the political and economic status of other colonial peoples, and notably that of the Native peoples of East and Central Africa.

An Honourable Decision

The Council of the British Medical Association has decided that it will not participate in the joint meeting of the B.M.A. and the Medical Association of South Africa, which had been arranged for next July in Johannesburg. Last year, when the conference was being planned, the South African doctors gave the B.M.A. the assurance it sought that any of its members

would be allowed to take part freely in all the social and professional functions of such a meeting. Before long, however, it was reported that only delegates of "pure European descent" would be allowed by the South African Government to enter the Union for this conference. On fresh inquiry by the B.M.A., the South African Medical Association stated that it was unable to secure any guarantee that no B.M.A. member would suffer restrictions upon entry or movement.

Many doctors will regret the cancellation of an important professional gathering. But the B.M.A.'s decision is an honourable one. Whatever the Association's social politics may be, it has an excellent record on questions of discrimination. To the B.M.A., a doctor is a doctor, whatever his colour, race or religion. It has always, moreover, refused to advertise in its journal posts in which the salary varies with sex, and it won a minor triumph when it secured equal pay and rank for women doctors in the Services. Medical officers are the only Service women yet to receive the full pay of their rank. The Association's firm refusal to participate in an international function, from which some of its members might be excluded, is a commendable stand of principle.

Labour Pacifists

Though we can understand Mr. Attlee's difficulty when he learnt unexpectedly that the Labour candidate in West Bristol is a pacifist, there can be no doubt that his ostentatious refusal to send the usual letter of support has caused deep distress in the Party. Pacifism has always been accepted by the Labour Party as one form of Socialist philosophy, and in the Parliamentary Party rules there is still a conscience clause which expressly permits any pacifist to defy the Whip on any issue of Peace and War. This, indeed, is probably the only subject, apart from temperance, on which Socialists and Christians alike have been able to differ without schism. The emphatic public rebuke administered to Mr. Lawrance in the middle of his election campaign inevitably gives the impression that the leaders are ashamed of the Party's past and want to push the embarrassing memory of George Lansbury away in the corner. This is by no means the view of the Labour Party as a whole: it recalls the past of some present Labour leaders and has great respect for men of the calibre of Reginald Sorensen and Emrys Hughes, who may, it agrees, be a bit "starry-eyed," but whom it prefers to those who more easily drift into war.

French Steaks and Italian Talks

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The sharp rise in the price of essential raw materials has confronted the French Government with a number of acute and urgent problems, and the decision made by the Cabinet on Monday to raise the price of imported anthracite and coke, to cover their cost, has started up a heated discussion among politicians and in the press on the pros and cons of State subsidies. A rise in the price of coal means a rise in the price of almost everything, and the question debated is whether it is the "taxpayer" or the "consumer" who should bear the brunt of the increased production costs. The Left-wing press has been quoting Britain's various subsidies as a fine example for France to follow, but there is resistance from some of the other parties against increasing the already high budget deficit of £320 million, to be covered by borrowing and inflation.

The sharp rise in manufactured goods in the last few months has been closely followed by a much less justifiable but, in French conditions, almost uncontrollable rise in food prices. The glowing accounts in the British Tory press of the wonderful steaks "everybody" is eating in France at the time of the 8d. ration in Britain overlook the simple fact of "pocket rationing" in France. *Not* everybody eats "wonderful steaks" in France, least of all every day, with steaks costing 8s. to 10s. a lb. With restaurants much more of a national institution in France than they are in England—there are thousands of them in Paris as against hundreds in London—proper restaurant meals are, on the whole, cheaper, but the lyrical raptures about gorgeous 5s. meals in Paris are raptures about a myth. A fair meal costs at least 7s. in Paris (though less, usually, in the provinces), and a fully satisfactory meal not less than 10s.; while the kind of midday snack lunch you get in London for 1s. 6d. or 2s. is just unobtainable in a Paris café or *brasserie*. With luck you pay 2s. for a mere coffee and sandwich. There is for obvious reasons, more good food in France than in Britain, but democratic eating is far from being well organised.

The Italo-French talks—still in progress as I write—have given rise to some interesting comment. As *Franc-Tireur* put it on Monday:

> If it were only a case of discussing the broken-down customs union project, or the Schuman Plan, in which the question of Algerian iron ore deliveries to Italy has already been settled, or the Council of Europe or the Atlantic Council, on both of which the two countries are largely agreed, the "experts" would suffice.

But the meeting is political, and Paris is clearly anxious to forestall the creation of a Bonn-Rome axis—an idea with which Gasperi and Adenauer had begun to play some months ago, rather to the annoyance of the French Government. If there is to be any such "axis," the French want to be in on it, and if it is to be led by a good clerical trio like Schuman, Adenauer and Gasperi, it will no doubt have the blessings of the Vatican. The French Left is somewhat disturbed at the thought of this kind of European Union *à base catholique*—with Franco as a prospective member—and there is a touch of irony in both the French and the Italian statements made to British correspondents in Rapallo that, in the course of the talks there, a lot of nice things were said about Britain. From the latest news it would appear that there is much scepticism about Britain's real interest in Europe, and that while the Atlantic Army is now considered by the French and Italians as an "emergency" force, they are aiming eventually to transform it into, or substitute it by, something that would be essentially a development of the European Army idea, as originally planned by M. Pleven. Will the Italians, one wonders, be persuaded to support the French in their continued, if not very hopeful, resistance to full-scale German rearmament? For no one has any illusions about the U.S. having really "postponed" it indefinitely.

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PARLIAMENT: Steel, Meat and Woolliness

Wednesday.

THE nationalisation of iron and steel has already been talked over a dozen times by the Commons. To speak on it now a Member must be either painstakingly amusing or painfully dull. Mr. Churchill, remarkably, succeeded in being both. While he prodded, chided and ridiculed the Government, the House was rumbustiously alive. Then he turned to the serious brief prepared for him; bored himself, he lost completely the ear of the House and was rescued only by striving vainly to remember the amount involved in rearmament. After four attempts he gave it up. The House, thus reminded of the congenital inability of the Churchills to cope with the "damned dots," awoke to a ripple of sympathetic amusement. Thereafter, Mr. Churchill forsook his technical brief and embarked on a vigorous, if somewhat malicious and wholly unparliamentary attack on the Chairman of the new Steel Board, who could not be present to defend himself. This carried the Leader of the Opposition to the end of his speech without any more of the silences that always reduce him to querulousness.

With the barometer set for "dull," the Debate was saved from itself by the fresh wit of Wedgwood-Benn's maiden speech, the cool competence of John Freeman, and the *cri du cœur* from Brigadier Thorp: "the shareholders are the nation." Wiser Tories immediately looked cross; the Labour benches delighted. Unconscious convictions are invariably the most revealing. Thorp will undoubtedly find immortality in the *Election Speaker's Handbook*.

In the meat debate, the Battle of the Ration was fought again with, as one Member put it, "the members for the Argentine sitting on the benches of the Opposition." But they fought with shadow weapons, for appearances were against them. With accidental irony Mr. Speaker called, for the Opposition, Walter Fletcher, Charles Hill and Commander Baldock—any one of whom might himself serve as the embodiment of bulk purchase. To the Government, loyalty gave victory over a debilitated attack and a script as thin as a meat ration.

On Monday the Government sought equally unanimous approval for its handling of foreign affairs. Some thirty Labour back benchers had signed motions expressing anxiety about the branding of China, the rearmament of Germany or the effect of rearmament generally upon world economy. Of the thirty, three—Eric Fletcher, Emrys Hughes and Seymour Cocks—were called, and urged the Government to continued moderation. From the other side, Tories adjured the Cabinet to be as forthright and firm on the Rhine as it had been on the River Plate. In the end, Kenneth Younger got some kind of accord by a restatement of the Government's view that further measures against China would be "likely to be dangerous, double-edged or merely useless," that German rearmament was still under consideration, and that, if Russia would talk, a Four-Power Conference would be called. From which all sides might collect some reassurance—as was no doubt intended.

The rest of the debate, solemn and sincere for the most part, as befitted the occasion, was notable for a documentary by the Prime Minister, a desperately muddled speech by Duncan Sandys, and the worst Front Bench speech of the session by Richard Law. Sandys, to make his speech, moved from the Front to a back bench. That was unwise; if his contribution is not forgotten, it is possible that this may be where he will stay.

TOM WILLIAMS

The Hump of Hysteria

Two weeks have passed since the American Government, under strong pressure from Congress, induced the United Nations to vote its modified resolution branding China as an aggressor. Since then Mr. Entezam has been trying to re-form the Good Offices Committee, which was charged with making another approach to Peking; and he succeeded only on Monday, when the Mexican delegate agreed to serve. But while the diplomats have been marking time, the soldiers have been advancing. The censorship on news from Korea makes it difficult to discover precisely what is happening at the front. We do not know what has become of the main Chinese forces, or what are the objectives which General Ridgway has been instructed to reach in his creeping offensive. Yet, for all the obscurity of the Tokyo communiqués, it is clear that the U.N. land troops have been inflicting heavy casualties upon Korean and perhaps Chinese Communists, and that the air force has continued its systematic destruction of everything which falls within its elastic definition of "military objectives." A military objective, as the special correspondent of *Le Monde* has recently revealed, includes any human being, civilian or soldier, who is not fighting on the side of the Americans. Though sanctions against China may have been postponed, the war continues with the indiscriminate savagery of the latest military science.

A significant feature of this diplomatic lull is that the tension seems to have eased, although there has been no progress towards peace. On the contrary, as the U.N. troops advance again, there has been renewed talk—especially from the Pentagon—of "positions of strength." There are no signs of fresh negotiations with Peking, but in America there is a growing, if vague, optimism about an eventual settlement. American politicians and newspapers, of course, continue their routine attacks upon "appeasers." There are no indications that the Administration is having second thoughts about the plans for re-arming Japan, which *Time* this week declared to be America's "greatest strategic asset." And the recent statement of Mr. McFall, Assistant Secretary of State, giving the military reasons why Chiang Kai-shek's army cannot invade the Chinese mainland, held the implication that the troops on Formosa were not "neutralised" but accepted allies. None of these things will make it easier for the U.S. to come to honourable terms with China.

Yet American opinion, for the moment, seems to be over the hump of the bellicose hysteria which swept the country as its army was pushed backwards by the Chinese counter-offensive. One small straw in the wind was a recent cartoon by Fitzpatrick—republished by the *New York Herald-Tribune*—which showed a narrow and precipitous path, marked "War With China," winding away to nowhere. Another is the resolution placed before Congress by Senator McMahon, which declares the peaceful intentions of the American people, asserts their desire to avoid war with the Soviet Union, and states that they would welcome "all honourable efforts to compose the differences standing between them and the Soviet Government."

We must not read too much into the McMahon Resolution; it is consciously designed as an answer to Soviet peace propaganda, seeking both to turn the edge of charges that the United States is an "imperialist warmonger" and, in line with current State Department policy, to try to drive a wedge between the Kremlin and the Russian people. Even so, such a declaration offers a welcome contrast with the intemperate speeches which have come from Congress in recent weeks. Its passage would make it much easier for the voices of caution and moderation—in the United States as well as in the rest of the world—to make themselves heard.

Two factors have combined to produce this change. The first is undoubtedly the improvement in the military situation. Those who urged negotiation in the face of defeat were disregarded or denounced as appeasers: it is a different matter now that the U.N. forces no longer seem in immediate danger of being driven into the sea. A refusal once more to cross the 38th Parallel, or a renewed effort to close the gap between Peking and Washington, may now find considerable support in the United States. The second factor, it is clear beyond doubt, has been the steady pressure against precipitate U.S. action in the Far East, exerted primarily by Britain and other members of the Commonwealth. This restraint may have saved the world from full-scale war. For although the Americans secured their "vote of principle" against the Chinese, they have realised that U.S. diplomacy cannot afford many such "victories" which turn out, as Walter Lippmann said, to be "self-imposed defeats" isolating America from much of the non-Communist world it is seeking to lead.

We have gained a short breathing-space. But how is it to be used? Any dramatic change in the situation would certainly touch off a new outbreak of war fever in the United States. One danger is that America is not accustomed, as Europe has become, to living in an armed peace. When the United States arms, it arms for war in earnest; and now that so many Americans believe world war to be inevitable, if in fact it has not already begun, the drift of U.S. policy is to use delay merely for winning a tactical advantage. This has proved true in Korea. It may also prove true in Europe, where, on German rearmament, the American attitude seems to be *reculer pour mieux sauter*.

In Europe, however, and especially in Britain, the assumption is still that war can be averted. It follows that any breathing-space should be used for genuine negotiations, rather than for manœuvring in preparation for an unavoidable conflict. This should be the unswerving purpose of the British Government. Its actions alone can be decisive in bridging the gulf that lies between Washington and Peking in the Far East, and Washington and Moscow in Europe. Already sensible people in America have come to realise the value and the wisdom of British moderation in recent weeks. The Government should take heart from this. A firm initiative for peace may find more support among the American people than it suspects.

No Flags Were Out in Sheffield

As the Leicestershire hedges slid past the windows of the train, I pondered Mr. Churchill's commination on "crazy deeds," and wondered if I should find Sheffield making ready for a Night of the (abundantly home-produced) Long Knives or preparing enthusiastically to celebrate Socialist victory. It was not so. This centre of steel-making was always a city sharply divided by class-structure—"Sheffield United" must have been coined in cynical jest—and the news that there would be no postponement of transfer of the bulk of the steel industry to public ownership certainly had a mixed reception. But if Vesting Day was awaited glumly by the steel masters, the workers' unmistakable approval seemed to have little in it of that fiery enthusiasm which greeted the hoisting of N.B.C. flags at the pit-heads, five years ago. There were no signs of preparations to put out flags in Sheffield on February 15.

By this I do not mean that only a minority of the city's steel-workers are positively in favour of nationalisation. Had the close vote in Parliament gone the other way, there would have been no walk-outs in the great works that flank the road to Rotherham. But there would have been deep disappointment, a sense of frustration, a feeling that Labour had been cheated. I was assured by union officials—and random conversation with operatives confirmed their views—that a Gallup Poll among Sheffield steel-workers to-day would show 80 per cent. for public ownership. But this apparently overwhelming endorsement requires analysis. Some of the workers undoubtedly have thought out the implications of private ownership of steel in terms of economic and political power; but these, I believe, form a relatively small, politically educated minority. In a city in which labour relations have long been reasonably amicable (there has been no steel strike for 40 years), and the older men at least have a craftsman's pride in the output of "their" works, so that a lifetime's loyalty to one employer is still common, the transfer of steel to public ownership is regarded not so much as a "victory over the bosses"—the miners' bitterness is wholly absent—as the more-or-less-taken-for-granted fulfilment of one item in the Labour Party's accepted programme.

Once again, this is not to say that nationalisation inspires no hopes. There are sanguine expectations that the new Steel Corporation will evolve a better system of promotion from the ranks, with no nepotism or favouritism in the scales against merit. There is confidence that the pledge to institute "when possible" a 42-hour week for men engaged in the continuous process seven-week cycle will now be

made good. There are hopes (less sanguine) of some increase in wages at or near the minimum; and it should be borne in mind that though the aristocrats of the industry—sample testers and First Hands—earn £15–£30 per week, there are scores of thousands in steel whose take-home pay ranges from £7 to under £6. But above all there is the feeling that public ownership will give greater security of employment, that there can never be a repetition of 1931.

Why, then, no flags? Is it simply that men whose working life is spent in those vast, strangely empty hangars, where human stature is puny against immense machines and incandescent metal, become undemonstrative? Or is it that neither enthusiasm nor great faith is fired by a form of nationalisation which leaves the pattern of control so little changed, and whose duration, if the steel masters realise their hopes and intentions, will be so fleeting? Certainly in Sheffield—and I take this to hold good for the entire steel industry—the calculation of managements is that the Tories will win the next general election, and that the Steel Act will then be repealed. Consequently, in what they conceive as a brief interregnum, they will be guiltless of sabotage: they will do nothing to injure properties over which they expect soon to resume sole jurisdiction. "Let's fight till six and then have dinner," said Tweedledum. The steel masters have fought and, on paper, lost. Their present aim, while doing nothing overtly to justify their dismissal by the Corporation for obstruction, is to exert every effort to preserve intact the industry's structural organisation, and thus to facilitate its frictionless return to private ownership in God's and Winston Churchill's good time.

Be it noted: they are angry men suffering from a sense of injustice; and most of them sincerely believe that nationalisation will hurt, not their pockets, but an industry vital to the country's welfare. I set aside many foolish things said to me in Sheffield: that Mr. Strauss had deliberately and spitefully selected as Chairman of the Corporation a man whose assertive character would lead to continuous interference which would "break the heart" of existing managements; that the frontier between public and private ownership—inevitably a ragged frontier—had been maliciously drawn; that customers would henceforth place orders, e.g., for forgings, with "free" firms, to the detriment of nationalised concerns; that the resources of the efficient and successful would be used to bolster up high-cost, old-fashioned works. The real case of the steel masters—and it should not be lightly dismissed—is that, whatever charges of restrictionism may be levied against their record in the 'thirties, they have since been "good boys." They have gracefully accepted a great deal of Ministerial control and direction; they have expanded output to conform with "full employment" policy and have produced a development plan as ambitious, in their view, as is economically sound; they have achieved a considerable advance in fuel economy and in all-round technical efficiency; they have kept steel prices well below the increase in price of other commodities; and they have evolved in the Iron and Steel Federation an agency for research, planning and collective action whose destruction would be a highly retrograde step. That their virtue should be rewarded by nationalisation is, to them, an outrage.

It is in, and through, the Federation that passive resistance will be maintained, now that the battle is temporarily broken off. It will be represented to the Minister—very plausibly—that the Federation must continue to function; and, since the Federation's purchasing agencies for ore and scrap are collective and efficient, and its Research Bureau of undeniable value, I suspect that the Minister will agree. Now the Federation's subscribing constituents are (*a*) the firms excluded from nationalisation either because of their small size or because of the type of their main products; and (*b*) those which are now to operate as wholly-owned subsidiaries of the Steel Corporation. Who will represent the nationalised enterprises on the Federation's committees? Mr. Hardie, as chairman of the holding company? Or, as at present, the chairmen or managing directors of the operating subsidiaries? If Mr. Hardie insists on acting as spokesman for the lot, there will be trouble: the Federation will refuse to co-operate, and the new Corporation will have to create, from scratch, a duplicate organisation—not a smooth start to an experiment whose immediate prospect is in any case one of falling output through shortage of scrap, ores and alloys. But if existing managements continue, as they hope and intend, to represent their individual firms on the Federation, then the present pattern of control will be so much the less altered.

True, Mr. Hardie will hold the whip hand, in theory, over the bulk of the industry. Except for the small firms and a substantial range of "finishing" processes, his empire is preponderant; and, just as he can determine investment policy and the collective use of individual companies' reserves, so he can dictate, in the last resort, how his nationalised directors are to vote in the Federation. But politics, after all, are the art of the expedient. No Minister of Supply would want to set the whole management of the steel industry at loggerheads; and it would take a good deal of ruthlessness on the part of Minister and Corporation Chairman alike to flout the collective opinion of a committee of the Federation, in which "experienced" steel men, nationalised and "free," spoke as one.

All of which adds up to an uncomfortable conclusion. If Labour's tenure of office is prolonged, it should be possible to proceed with a programme of modernisation and of much-need expansion, say, of blast-furnace capacity—aimed at a better balance in the industry—in whose execution it would be advisable to shuffle the assets and gradually fuse the identities of existing firms. In time it should be practicable to train new men for the higher posts of management. But, in the interregnum between now and a general election, the fact must be faced that seats round every board-room table will be filled by men who see themselves as caretakers for private enterprise. The coal-owners knew their war was lost. The steel masters believe they have lost only one battle in a continuing campaign. Which is perhaps why no flags were hoisted, this week, in Sheffield. Not even the "hard core" of unwavering Socialists in the works could have been quite sure how long the halyards would hold.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Sheffield, February.

London Diary

ABOUT the nicest compliment I remember hearing paid to this journal is that we have succeeded in "taking the inverted commas out of 'Peace.'" Certainly it is true that people who, a few weeks' ago, thought that to oppose the rearmament of Germany and Japan and to refuse to be drawn into the war in the Far East was fellow-travelling, now say much the same things as we do—with the difference that they preface their agreement by derogatory comments on Bloomsbury or "anti-Americans." The Prime Minister adopted this technique in telling us this week that German rearmament was postponed and that, in spite of the vote for the American resolution on aggression, Britain adhered to its Chinese policy. A great batch of letters still reaches us in support of Professor Cole's anti-war line; this week they are reinforced by correspondents who want to express their distaste for an American civil defence expert who tries to soothe us by saying that New York is more likely to be bombed than London, and that anyway atom bombing is only different in degree from ordinary bombing! Correspondents comment that death is only different in degree from life. *Peace with China* Committees are springing up in the most unexpected areas—I saw a long list from all parts of the country this week. They are supported by thousands of ordinary, non-doctrinaire people who just think war in our time crazy and wicked. Professor Toynbee's demand "No annihilation without representation" is becoming a national slogan. I heard a retort this week made to the suggestion that peace movements are only supported by "cranks." "Yes," said a usually quiet listener, "a crank nowadays is anybody who objects to being blown to blazes."

* * *

Mr. Lester Pearson's moderating role in the China dispute surprised many Leftists over here who easily assumed that Canadian opinion tags along with that of the American press. They would be more surprised if they read the Canadian press. A recent editorial (January 25) in the *Montreal-Matin*, a paper that represents the Right-wing Duplessis party, complains that the United States permitted no time for adequate discussion of the Chinese reply to the cease-fire proposals. "Why this haste?" the editorial asks. "Is the U.S. afraid it won't get its war?" Another Montreal paper, the independent Catholic *Le Devoir* (January 27), said that the difficulty in settling the Korean conflict "arises from the fact that the United States is determined to make war. That is why it tried to take and hold the greatest possible number of bases . . . so that collective security, in whose name we intervened in Korea, will become, under Washington's pressure, collective aggression."

"If I were a Communist Spy" is the title of a speech which Mr. Henry du Pont recently delivered in the U.S.A. A surprising performance since Mr. du Pont is the vice-president of du Ponts (the I.C.I. or I.G. Farben of America) which has been attracting a great deal of attention from the Federal trust-busters. Mr. du Pont said:

> If I were a Communist spy I should sabotage the defences of the United States by influencing small business men and people in various walks of life—Parent-Teachers' Associations, women's auxiliaries, church organisations, welfare organisations, farm groups and others—to become increasingly suspicious and critical of big business units. It would be most gratifying if these suspicions could be turned into political issues which would result in oppressive taxation and discriminatory regulations for the big concerns and the government ownership of important industries. What greater gift could a good Communist saboteur send to his home office!

Du Ponts control the world patents on nylons. Only a dirty Communist would suggest they ever ladder.

* * *

Everyone hates the paid Informer, and the Government has already bestowed on Mr. Heald's measure the blessing without which no private Bill has a chance. It is a shock to be reminded, on looking through the schedule of informers marked down by the Bill for extinction, that a new one was created as recently as 1949, by section 87 (2) of the Representation of the People Act. This made it an offence with a ten-pound fine for a policeman to act as a municipal election canvasser, and—perhaps because the local police might not hurry to prosecute each other—offered half the fine to anybody who cared to take the case on. This was the first time in sixty-seven years that Parliament had resorted to bribed prosecutors—the latest previous instance being the £50 offered (by section 159 of the Municipal Corporations Act, 1882) to anyone who would prosecute a justices' clerk for acting as solicitor to a defendant committed for trial from his own court. No doubt the informer we shall all be most glad to see the back of is the one who acts under the Sunday Observance Act. But let no one imagine that the Lord's Day Observance Society will thereby be reduced to impotence. You can get rid of most informers by stopping their pay, but not the kind who act from motives of conscience and belief. It has always been open to the private citizen—with a few statutory exceptions that recognise the function of the Director of Public Prosecutions—to prosecute offenders overlooked by the police.

* * *

Maybe we British are rather naive. When Fleming, Florey and Chain discovered penicillin, they observed the British code by which no scientist ever patents a medical discovery. When Dr. Selman A. Waksman, of Rutgers University, U.S., discovered streptomycin, he patented it and made over the proceeds to the Rutgers Research Development Foundation, which up till last September had earned 2,360,000 dollars from a 2 per cent. royalty. Dr. Waksman takes 10 per cent. of this and the Foundation recently settled an action brought by Dr. Albert Schatz, whom Waksman acknowledged as a co-discoverer. He will get under the settlement 3 per cent. of the earnings from royalty payments, as well as 125,000 dollars for foreign rights. He will get at least 500,000 dollars in the next 15 years. Another participant, Dr. H. Boyd Woodruff, of a commercial manufacturing firm, gets 2 per cent. Five others take a share and bonuses are being given to 12 others, including the widow of the laboratory dishwasher. Out of the remainder, Rutgers University is to build and maintain a new institute. Meanwhile Dr. Ernest Chain, who shared the Nobel prize for his major role in the penicillin discovery, has had to go to Rome to get the facilities for microbiological researches, which this country was unable to afford.

* * *

One never expects to meet a Frenchman who waves his hands and says "comme ci, comme ça," an Irishman who calls you the "broth of a boy," or an Englishman who wears an eyeglass and talks like Naunton Wayne on the Continent. But last Friday I really met the original mythical Scotsman of all the stories. He was just in front of me weighing in for the Scottish plane. He was objecting to having his brief case weighed along with his suit-case; hand-luggage, he suggested, ought to travel free. He was overruled, given an embarkation card and a slip of paper which he was told to take to the cashier's desk. "What's that?" he asked. "Excess luggage, Sir, ten shillings." There was a tense silence as if the Scotsman was trying to burst and couldn't. He spluttered. He threw down his ticket. And then he used these really memorable words. "*The whole thing's off*," he said.

Apparently it was, for he was not on the plane.

CRITIC

SON OF A GUN

Baron von Krupp has been set free—
Krupp should never have served a term.
Krupps are persons of high degree,
Krupps' are kind to the employee,
Krupps' are a grand old firm.

Krupp's descent goes a long way back,
The Krupp von Holbach von Bohlen clan
Graces the Gotha Almanac.
Other records are far more black—
Krupps' help the working man.

Krupps' Big Bertha of World War One
Put Parisians on the spot,
Old Big Bertha was quite a gun—
Baron von Krupp is Bertha's son,
Krupp is the Ruhr's big shot.

Krupps' the Nazis with arms supplied,
Krupps', dismantled, are making toys,
Krupp himself was unjustly tried,
He was never on Hitler's side,
Krupp is the best of boys.

Workers worship the name of Krupp,
None so good to the German poor,
A model to all the armaments group,
The Western Allies must now recoup
The ruler of the Ruhr.

Krupp's possessions must be regained,
America will see justice done,
The honour of Krupp was never stained,
And a Krupp shall rule where the Krupps have reigned—
Krupp, the son of a gun.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5 - for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

He asked if anyone had seen a sugar-conveyor, insinuated that the Government had let doctrinaire considerations influence its attitude to tomato sauce, and sat down.—Speech reported in *Bebington News*. (V. Murdoch.)

The most cheerful reports, indeed, come from Wales, where the problem is not so much the amount of drinking that goes on in licensed houses but the amount of singing. In Caernarvonshire, says the police report to the licensing justices, this singing has now reached "serious proportions."—*Manchester Guardian*. (N. J.)

Widow, 39, height 5ft. 8in., 12 stone, would like to acquire loan seven pounds; good security offered. —*London Weekly Advertiser*. (Patricia Fitz-Gerald.)

"Despite Korea there is no purge of the orchid we christened 'Stalin' in 1942."—Interview in *Sunday Express*. (P. E. Dutton.)

Last Monday week the 8.20 a.m. express from Liverpool to London did not leave until 9.10 a.m., the reason being that the train could not be found. —*Sunday Despatch*.. (T. McConnell.)

Israel and Jordan

II—The Arab Refugees

Two years ago Transjordan was an arid stretch of mountains and desert, with a population of some 300,000 primitive Bedouin and peasants. It had no towns or industries: Amman, its capital, was little more than an inflated village, and the 12,000-strong Arab Legion its only political asset. Indeed, this tiny principality lived chiefly on the subsidy granted by the British Government for the maintenance of the Legion, and the proceeds of smuggling which reached fantastic proportions just after the World War. On this trade a few Damascene merchants grew rich and built themselves villas in Amman, while Glubb Pasha devoted himself to the task of training his Bedouin volunteers to be modern soldiers, without turning them into "dirty Levantines."

The Palestine war has changed all that. By annexing what was left of Arab Palestine, King Abdullah made 300,000 settled Palestinians his subjects, thus doubling the population. This doubled population was then redoubled by the addition of some half-million refugees from Israel. Palestinians in Jordan now out-number the original Transjordanians two to one.

This, indeed—and not the refugee problem—is the immediate cause of the political crisis in Jordan to-day. Amman has trebled in size within a year, and the government departments have been stormed by crowds of Palestine officials, many of them possessors of Beirut and British degrees, and all of them highly politically conscious. Transjordan, under the shrewd advice of Sir Alec Kirkbride, was a patriarchal monarchy, which had no need of such new-fangled notions as trade unionism or civil liberties. Jordan, despite the efforts of the King and his loyal notables, cannot long remain so. Indeed, the King has already been compelled to give a vague promise that the

Cabinet will be responsible not to him but to Parliament. Even more serious, he has, on at least two occasions, had to bow to the popular will. The first was when, after he had initialled a secret Heads of Agreement for a peace treaty with Israel last spring, his Cabinet refused to go ahead with the negotiations. When he dismissed his Ministers he could find no one to take their place. The negotiations were broken off. On the second occasion the King officially got his way, but only after a struggle which has further weakened his position. The incident is so illuminating that I have pieced the full story together from Israeli and Arab sources. Here it is.

Last autumn the Israeli planted a new colony at Naharayim in the Jordan valley, just south of the Sea of Galilee, the one tiny piece of Transjordan territory allocated to Israel on the Rhodes Armistice map. Legally, as usual, Israel had a strong case; but this action caused an uproar in Amman and, when Glubb refused to use the Arab Legion to oust the Jews, the newspapers accused him of being the pro-Jewish agent of British imperialism! While the U.N. Armistice Commission—a leisurely body—was considering the rights and wrongs of Naharayim, the Jordanian Cabinet became increasingly impatient, and finally ordered Glubb to stage a reprisal. The place selected was Kilometre 78—that is, the 78th kilometre stone on the new Jewish road across the desert from Elath to Beersheba. Glubb Pasha was ordered to block the road and teach the Jews a lesson. After protesting the unwisdom of this action he did so, and on December 3 the inevitable clash occurred. The Israeli, having knocked out one Arab Legion armoured car, cleared the road by force, and then the U.N. ordered a cease-fire.

This incident, as far as is known, was the first defiant stroke of Jordanian democracy against the royal power. The King had not been informed of the decision, nor had Sir Alec Kirkbride. Together they reacted swiftly. The Legion was ordered to withdraw, the Cabinet was sacked, and after some difficulty new Ministers were appointed. The royal authority was restored and, with it, British influence. But only by a hair's breadth, and at the cost of outraging public opinion by "truckling" to U.N., which is widely assumed to be in the pay of the Jews. In Jordan, as elsewhere, the national and the social revolutions march hand in hand.

The refugee problem is the lever of this revolution. What makes Jordanian politics so unstable to-day is the fact that half the population are destitute refugees waiting to return home behind the avenging armies of the Arab League. In every town and village you see their filthy, tattered encampments. They crowd even into the caves of Bethlehem and the cavities in the Roman amphitheatre of Amman, and 20,000 of them are dumped on the sand between Jericho and the Dead Sea, living in U.N. tents and feeding in U.N. soup kitchens, their minds inflamed by Communist propaganda from the Arabs across the frontier in Nazareth and also by Arab League agents, who tell them that King Abdullah is a British agent and a traitor to the Arab cause.

I asked the chief U.N. official in Jordan how many families he had settled in the last eighteen months. "Not one," he replied. I asked the Jordan Minister for Refugees what he had done. "I have submitted twenty-nine schemes to U.N.," he answered, "but so far not a dollar has been granted for resettlement, although U.N. is spending 800,000 dollars a month for relief and for maintaining a huge and extremely expensive staff."

But why is nothing done? First, because the Arab League does not want the refugee problem to be settled, and is determined to frustrate an Israeli-Jordan peace treaty. As for Arab philanthropy, the rich Palestinians, who fled to their bank accounts in Beirut, Damascus and Cairo, feel no pangs of conscience about the plight of their fellow countrymen. And, to make matters worse, the Assembly at Lake Success recently accepted an Arab League resolution which included the recommendation that some of the refugees should return home.

On this point at least there is agreement between Amman and Tel Aviv. Not one Jordanian Minister with whom I talked thought that any refugees could or should go back to Israel. Jordan needs the manpower and will absorb all the refugees that it can. The complaint of Amman is that vast sums of money are being spent by U.N. on creating a refugee problem instead of solving it.

I heard the same story at Nablus, the Arab town among the olive yards of old Samaria. I was sitting in the old British police fortress with the District Commissioner, a tall, stooping Arab who began life as a Palestine policeman in 1922. "Yes, we've got to find a way of living alongside the Jews," he said. "But what can I do? In this district we have 129,000 settled population and 108,000 refugees. So far, since the war, we have built eleven houses in Nablus," he added wearily. "U.N. runs the refugees; they are not our affair." "But if they were your affair?" He straightened up. "Give me half a dozen Englishmen of the right sort, some building materials and some money. I'd go to each village and say, 'You take ten families, you five, you twenty.' Our people don't demand as much as those Jews over there. Working together with you, we could make a job of it."

The Commissioner probably made it sound far too easy. But I was impressed. Thanks to the influx of well-educated Palestinians, with experience of government under the Mandate, Jordan is probably one of the best administered of the Arab States. Despite the appalling convulsion out of which it rose, the new administration functions remarkably well, and the universal hatred of U.N. has taken some of the edge off the popular resentment against British influence. The King wants peace with Israel; so does his present Cabinet. But if the King signed a treaty to-morrow, it would probably be repudiated by Parliament and the nation. "I know that Britain would like us to negotiate," one Minister said to me. "But how can I address a political meeting, which consists mostly of refugees, and tell them they are not to go home before I have given them homes here? And how can I settle them here unless Britain provides the money and the technical assistance?" It is a question which the Foreign Secretary must answer very soon. If he does nothing on the excuse that the Arabs have let him down, or that the refugees are U.N. business, there will be no Israeli-Jordan treaty, and pretty soon, when the disintegration sets in, there will be no Kingdom of Jordan and no British base at Akaba.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The Facade Cracks

THE execution of the Martinsville Seven has again focused attention upon the American Dilemma. Since the Scottsboro Case, no aspect of the Negro problem is more sure to receive wide publicity, or to raise suspicions of injustice and discrimination, than the trial of a group of Negroes on charges of assault or rape. In this instance, the protests arose less from the belief that the men were innocent than from anger against the penal code of the Commonwealth of Virginia, which consigns a White to the penitentiary and a Negro to the electric chair for the same offence.

Such archaic laws remain, and not only in Virginia, to buttress the decaying structure of White Supremacy. Laws against miscegenation are enforced in Western and Border States as well as in the South. Segregation in restaurants and cinemas, in churches, trains and streetcars, is maintained both by State legislation and by innumerable county and city ordinances. To-day, one Negro in five may vote in the South, yet the fabric of law and custom upholds minority rule. Lynchings have declined; the Klan survives to flog "uppitty" Negroes and to burn their homes. The Federal Courts have consistently thrown out convictions based upon confessions obtained by force: but in 1949, the latest year for which such figures are available, thirty-four Negroes were killed and thirty-three were injured while in police custody.

Yet no honest observer can deny that there are cracks in the facade of the Solid South. One city after another has passed ordinances directed against the Klan, and Georgia has followed suit. Juries consisting solely of Whites have sent Whites to prison for rape and assault upon Negro women. Local battles are being waged continually against discrimination, on matters ranging from the use of municipal beaches by Negroes to the mingling of White and Negro in churches, at union meetings and sports events. I know personally of many such instances: one that is fairly typical is the case of the photographer in Santa Fé whose licence was revoked by the City Council because his advertisements read: "No Coloured Trade Solicited."

This is not to say, of course, that America is solving its great dilemma in a spectacular fashion. On the contrary, President Truman has made no headway with the Civil Rights plank in his Fair Deal platform, and the new Congress is just as unlikely as the last to pass the anti-lynching laws, to abolish franchise restrictions, such as the poll-tax, or to re-establish a Fair Employment Practices Commission (still maintained by a few States) to

ensure that Negroes are hired and fired solely on the basis of merit. The grip of the South on Congress remains strong enough to block such legislation.

But although the South may dominate Congress, it does not dominate the Federal Courts, in which the campaign against racial discrimination has achieved of late some notable successes. Consistent attack upon the White primary, notably by Judge Waring in South Carolina, has breached the redoubt of Southern politics at its most vital point, opening the way to Negro participation in the only election that matters in this Democratic stronghold, and, perhaps, to the reconstruction of a healthy two-party system in Dixie. Moreover, three decisions handed down last June by the Supreme Court drove a deep wedge into the front of segregation.

The first of these was in a suit brought by Elmer Henderson against the Southern Railway, in which he claimed that the separation of Negro passengers in dining cars was a violation of the clause of the Interstate Commerce Act which made it unlawful for a railroad to subject anyone "to unreasonable prejudice or disadvantage." The Court upheld Mr. Henderson's claim. By this action it not only outlawed the segregation of Negroes on trains which cross from one State into another—thereby coming under the Interstate Commerce Act—but also, for technical reasons, made it difficult to enforce segregation upon all passengers travelling within the boundaries of a single State. How, for example, segregate a Negro who boards the "Peach Queen" at Gainesville, Georgia, to travel to Atlanta, Georgia, while not enforcing it against another Negro passenger to Atlanta who has boarded the train at Charlottesville, Virginia?

The other two cases were the climax of years of litigation. In the first, that of Heman Sweatt, the Court ordered the University of Texas to admit this Negro postman to its law school. In the second, G. W. McLaurin, who had already secured a District Court decision admitting him to the University of Oklahoma, petitioned successfully for the removal of the "ceremonial segregation" enforced against him in the classroom, library and cafeteria. His White fellow-students had already torn down the token barrier erected around his desk.

In the 'thirties, in the Gaines case, Missouri was told that it must either admit Negroes to the State University, or provide "equal but separate" facilities for them. This decision created a problem for the South. To enforce segregation at all in higher education was terribly expensive: to have provided really "equal" facilities would have been ruinous. (It cost Missouri, for instance, $228 a year to educate a White law student, but $800 to pay for a Negro law student in the separate law school it set up.) Though the separate graduate and professional schools were set up, in most cases they were educationally and socially inadequate, and the Sweatt case was based precisely upon such inadequacy. How, his lawyers asked, could a three-room basement office in Austin, Texas, compare with the facilities and professional contacts of the University law school? The Court agreed.

The Sweatt and McLaurin decisions, in the words of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, which had fought the cases up from the lower courts, were "a strategic victory in a flanking battle, but the war itself is yet to be won." But within a few months, the results of that victory began to be seen. One by one, the Southern States began to open the doors of their graduate institutions to Negroes, though they still put upon applicants the onus of showing that the facilities they sought were unobtainable elsewhere. By the time the present academic year began, more than a thousand Negroes in the South were attending the same classes as White students.

Next will come the far more difficult battle for the abolition of discrimination in the public school systems. The contrast in the standards and the financing of White and Negro schools has long been notorious. Yet if the Courts really begin to insist that "equal" facilities are provided, the Southern States will be faced with an intolerable financial burden unless they begin to admit Negro children to White schools. To bring the Negro schools of the South up to parity with the White schools—and many of these are poor enough—would cost something like $1,000 millions, an expense which the South cannot afford. Georgia has already begun to fight this battle. This week its legislature voted to close White schools rather than admit Negro children should the Courts so direct.

The other sphere in which progress has been made—again removed from the direct control of Congress—has been the Armed Forces. The President, by executive order, called for the removal of recruiting quotas, and of discrimination in types of work and in promotion. This order affected more than 100,000 Negroes in uniform, and upwards of 70,000 employed by the Services in a civilian capacity. It not only sought the abolition of Jim Crow units, and the integration of Negroes in other units on terms of equality, but it also admitted them to ranks carrying higher pay and larger responsibilities. The Navy and Air Force have moved most quickly: the Army, which accounts for the bulk of enlisted Negroes, has been relatively slower. But it was possible, last year, for the Negro magazine *Our World* to publish a long and detailed picture article showing Negro and White soldiers, including Southerners, serving side by side under conditions of equality.

Motives are mixed. Americans are to-day keenly aware that, in terms of propaganda, their "way of life" is most vulnerable on the Negro question, and almost every official statement on this matter refers to the use that Communists can make of examples of discrimination and ill-treatment. The Negro organisations themselves continually emphasise the equation between equality and loyalty. There is a direct and often declared link between the Cold War and the changing attitude towards the Negro. Again, under such semi-war conditions, the Negro's status may improve, as it did during the last war, for economic reasons: when there is a labour shortage, new and more skilled jobs are open to the Negro worker.

But it would be wrong to attribute the change merely to military or economic motives. A very large part has been played by moral considerations. In the past five years, the American Dilemma has been brought before the public conscience as never before. A flood of books, a whole cycle of movies, press articles and broadcasts, has each played its part in the change. Churches and community organisations have been active. The Negro may still be pushed into the poorer jobs, confined largely to slum areas, and given inadequate health and educational facilities. But just as he came up from slavery, so he is now on the way up to full citizenship. He may be one of the few persons to have gained from the Cold War.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Guns for Germany?

III. THE HEART OF THE MATTER.

A CARTOON in the Right-wing *Zeit* of Hamburg this January shows Acheson, Bevin, and Schuman laying violent hands on the German Tom, Dick, or Harry and trying to fit a warlike mask and helmet on the boy's head. The boy objects strongly, shouts, screams, tries to get away. But the Three Old Men say: "Now, now: nothing's going to happen to you—it's only to frighten Uncle Joe." Nine Germans in ten, I should say, would think the cartoon apt.

Opposition to rearmament is very great in Germany. Conceived in the weariness and disillusionment of the last year or so of the war, this opposition grows day by day and night by night in the clammy air of basements under gutted houses, in the unforgettable emptiness of homes where fathers or brothers or whole families are missing, in the dreary proofs, repeated with every sunrise, that the battered Germany of to-day represents only half a civilisation—and the poorer half at that. This people has the look of wanting peace—of wanting simply to be left alone—with a desperate indifference to any of the arguments that they ought to prepare for war.

Popular arguments about arms vary, but are mainly, at the moment, the negative arguments of apathy and scepticism. "What're we supposed to be fighting for?" remarked a journalist formerly in the *Hitlerjugend*. "Two hundred marks a month?" Sixty thousand miners in Essen, according to British figures, are living in bachelor dormitories because there is no room (and no prospect of any) for their families in the neighbourhood. Cologne has 65,000 people in the direst need of proper shelter. Unemployment has now passed the two million mark. Widely diffused is the belief that a rearmed Western Germany can never be more than the expendable mercenary of the Americans and the British; and if it is true that the Russians are extremely unpopular in Western Germany, it would be rash to assume that the Americans and British fare much better.

In trying to change this attitude, the West German political leaders (and the Western Powers) are handicapped by the uncomfortable fact that few people in Germany now believe that they really want a peaceful settlement with the East. If they did, I was asked, then why should the Western Powers and Adenauer reject the chance of a discussion with Grotewohl

and the East German Parliament? Since the East German leaders have now expressed their willingness to make important concessions—especially on the People's Police and *Bereitschaften*—why not promote an all-German discussion? Why not explore *bilateral* disarmament? Since the West in Germany is numerically stronger than the East, why not welcome peaceful reunification? The conclusion drawn by such questioners was usually that the Western Powers, and therefore their subsidiary, the West German Government, have ceased to believe in a peaceful settlement.

In this atmosphere of disillusionment with the peaceful intentions of the Powers, the movement for peaceful reunification now (as against forced reunification later) is beginning to spread out across the whole spectrum of German life, drawing in people of the most diverse parties and politics. Four hundred lawyers, doctors, teachers, businessmen, and others gathered in Stuttgart last December and declared that "the German people does not want Germany to be a battlefield. It will not sacrifice one man or one pfennig for war." These people, who are not led by Communists and do not associate themselves with the Stockholm movement, held a much larger conference at Dortmund a few weeks ago. A group of university dons who oppose rearmament—the *Göttinger Kreis*, not to be confused with Noack's *Nauheimer Kreis*—includes distinguished scholars such as Professor Iwand. In spite of all smears and boycotts by the press and Government, the influence of these groups, with their demand for peaceful reunification, is undoubtedly growing. "It is much more difficult to-day to carry through rearmament in Western Germany," a well-informed ex-General of the *Wehrmacht* told me, "than it was a year ago. And in two years' time, with opinion moving as it is, rearmament may be impossible."

But what may be termed the consciously political opposition to rearmament is of two kinds, which need sharp distinction. In the first place, there are persons and parties who oppose rearmament to-day for tactical reasons, without opposing it in principle. These "tacticians," once again, are of two kinds. On the extreme Right, the unrepentant Nazis have now crystallised their position by gathering round Professor Ulrich Noack and his *Nauheimer Kreis* and giving forth a bombastic "declaration against the remarmament and remilitarisation of Western Germany." That this statement is designed merely to exploit the anti-militarist sentiment of the German public for the ulterior designs of neo-Nazism may be seen by glancing at the list of those who support it. These include Right-wing extremists such as Remer, Doris, von Ostau. Some Nazis, and others of a most unsavoury reputation, are biding their time, infiltrating meanwhile into positions of influence in the West German administration, and hoping that Germany may once again become strong by feeding on the conflicts of the 1945 victors.

The second group of "tacticians" are the leaders and some of the backbenchers of the Social-Democratic Party. What Schumacher wants, and more or less says that he wants, is no rearmament unless and until the S.P.D. is in the Government, and perhaps the dominant party in the Government. Talks I have had with S.P.D. backbenchers reveal a deepening conflict in the party, though it would be wrong, I think, to imagine that this conflict will lead to more than token revolt. Even Carlo Schmidt, who has said some brave words against the policy of rearmament within the last few months, now scrupulously toes the Schumacher line.

Beyond this conditional and temporary opposition to rearmament, however, there stands a real political opposition. More properly perhaps, one should call it a confessional opposition. The Evangelical Church in Western Germany is now facing a Catholic onslaught which has all the makings of a *Kulturkampf* in reverse. It is as significant of this state of affairs that the old leader of the Weimar *Zentrum*, Monsignor Kaas, should be the Pope's adviser on German affairs, as it is that Adenauer's spiritual mentor should be Cardinal Frings of Cologne. "Conceived in Rome and born in America"—as the popular Protestant phrase has it—the Federal Republic is in the most serious sense a partial realisation of the Vatican's ambitions to build a separatist Catholic State in Germany. "You can't even be a charlady in the Federal Parliament," remarked a Social-Democratic deputy, "unless you're a Catholic."

This confessional opposition to rearmament and reunification by force is of high significance. People outside Germany are apt to forget that the strength of the Evangelical Church lies principally in the Eastern Zone. A civil war arising from present policies of rearmament would come perilously near to splitting Germany not only between Left and Right, but also between Protestant and Catholic. Niemöller and his friends are careful never to say so, but the Evangelical churchmen in Western Germany who now acquiesce in Adenauer's policies are of much the same way of thought as the Protestant bishops and clergy who submitted to Hitler and his "German Christians." The *Bekennender Kirche*, with all its noble record of self-sacrifice in the fight against Nazi paganism, is again in the opposition to-day.

Significant of this state of affairs is that Gustav Heinemann, much more the political leader of this opposition than Niemöller, is the lay president of the Evangelical Church. Heinemann is the man who resigned from his post of Minister of the Interior last year—he is a member of the Christian Democratic Union—because Adenauer, he said, had committed the Government to full-scale rearmament. Heinemann has always argued that the peaceful reunification of Germany is perfectly possible, without the surrender or abandonment of any basic democratic rights—if only the Western Powers and the West German Government will permit this. He—like Frau Wessel, the leader of the small Centre Party which is the only Catholic body to denounce Adenauer's policies—holds that Adenauer should have agreed to meet Grotewohl at the latter's repeated request, in order to discuss between Germans what could be done to reunite Germany. The concessions which the East German leaders have now announced enormously strengthen this argument. But can Adenauer, with a very different conception of German unity, accept it? Can the Western Powers? This, in the last analysis, is the heart of the matter in Germany to-day.

BASIL DAVIDSON

So They Say . . .

THERE are occasions when the validity of Fleet Street's complaints about the newsprint shortage are more acceptable than others; and one of them is when space is needed for an important Parliamentary debate, such as those, last week, on steel and meat, and, this week, on foreign policy. Only then does it become clear how difficult it is for six-page papers to give anything like an adequate account of what the nation's legislators are up to. The popular press is driven to dangerous lengths of selection, or even misrepresentation which is sometimes involuntary.

For instance, YOUNG MINISTER FLATTENS TORY ATTACK, was one headline given to the steel debate by the paper with the largest circulation, the *Daily Mirror*. Most of its report was devoted to the winding-up speech by John Freeman, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply, which it called "one of the outstanding speeches of recent years." As a result, Mr. Churchill, who spoke for an hour, was covered in five sentences. The *Daily Express*, on the other hand, under the heading CHURCHILL MOCKS THE SOCIALIST MILLIONAIRES, led off with Churchill's remarks about Socialist fortunes made "by private greed"—neatly borrowing Mr. Bevan's phrase. This part of his speech was omitted by the *Mirror*, and skipped over by the *Daily Herald*.

The *Express* did, however, give John Freeman a good showing, which is more than can be said for the *Daily Graphic*, which disposed of him in two sentences. The *Daily Mail* treated Freeman almost as curtly, although its full parliamentary report was twice as long and informative as that of the *Herald*, which painstakingly listed "26 disparaging adjectives about the take-over" with which Mr. Churchill "spattered" his speech. The *News Chronicle* found the remarks of Mr. Edgar Granville (Lib.) worth more space than Mr. Churchill, or, for that matter, the two main Government speakers together.

The meat debate gave the popular papers more scope for "colour" in treatment. 8D. RATION WINS WEBB 8 MAJORITY. . . . Mr. Webb got a penny-a-vote majority," began the *Daily Express* brightly. "Mr. Webb's reply . . . was an insult to the intelligence," commented the *Daily Mail*, which printed a picture of a woman carrying "29 meat rations" in her arms. The *Daily Graphic*, claiming that "Maurice in Muddleland" had "made a hash of it," printed comparative pictures of the present match-box-sized ration (4 ozs. of steak) and the pre-war "workhouse" ration of 16 ozs. The *Daily Mirror* told Mr. Webb that "neither Labour's own supporters nor anybody else wants explanations now, or promises; what the public wants is simply the meat." The *News Chronicle* reported that Webb was heard "in discouraging silence," and averred that bulk buying was finished. The *Daily Herald*, however, under the headlines WHAT PRICE FOR OUR MEAT?—CHURCHILL DODGES CHALLENGE, declared that the vote "both endorsed the Government's bulk purchase policy and reinforced its determination to stand up to the Argentine demand."

On Monday came the debate on China and German rearmament, which *The Times* called "the great question in everybody's mind." The half-dozen Socialist back-benchers who criticised Mr. Attlee's policy, however, received scant attention in the popular press, except for the *Daily Express*, *Daily Worker*, and, for once, the *Daily Herald*. The *Daily Mail* quoted none of the Socialist critics, and the *News Chronicle* only mentioned two, very briefly, this despite the fact that the *Daily Mirror*, in a feature article, discovered from the tenor of its readers' letters that the vocal section of the British public, at least, appeared to agree more with the back-benchers than the Government on Germany, China, and Britain's place in the world.

Invitation of the Week

Daily Express, *February* 13 :—

> You too can be a mysterious Chinese general. Listen to the voice of Sun Tzu [who died 2,400 years ago] in the oldest military treatise in the world. . . . AUTOLYCUS

Our Lady

Is there some substance in the recent Vatican claim that the influence of the Virgin Mary has increased, and is increasing? The Pope confined his claim for the Virgin's growing strength to the Western side of Mr. Churchill's Iron Curtain, but this seems unduly modest. When Tamerlane was threatening to turn aside from one of his devastating marches to side-swipe the Duchy of Moscow, the basilicas of that State were crowded with terrified Russians who prayed, *Mother of God, Save Russia* ; and for all we, or probably the Pope, know, this same prayer is being offered up, this time as a preventive against the Republican Lobby and their atom-bomb, just as it rises, no doubt, from a thousand American churches, as a preventive against the Cominform and *its* atom bomb. In fact, it is no new thing for a scarified, wounded and dying man to call upon Mother with his last breath: I daresay Freud had a word for it. And it is no new thing for the men of great civilisations, in the agony of radical changes or catastrophic declines, to turn to Isis, to Astarte, to Mary, to Mr. Robert Graves's White Goddess : the power and the comfort of Mary are older than the power and the comfort of the Christian "Our Lady."

My clerical friend took me down into the Cathedral crypt, where the columns are so massive that they appear squat, and one can almost see them strain and quiver like giant limbs beneath the ponderous mass of the Cathedral. Between two of these is a small Chapel, with a pierced stone reredos ; there is an altar chastely draped, a small Crucifix and, above them, seeming to be the source of the subtly arranged floodlighting, the figure of Mary. It is a beautiful object, of carved and tinted ivory, Milanese work of the 17th century, says the official account of it ; much older—Portuguese or Portuguese-Indian work—according to another informant. It is not possible to examine it closely, but it appears to be about 15 or 18 inches tall. It was a presentation, is extremely valuable, and, says the guide book, replaces a figure of Our Lady which occupied the same Chapel throughout the Middle Ages.

Three French tourists had followed us down to the Chapel, two young men and a girl. They appeared to be students, at all events they wore the grotesquely hideous holiday uniform of that caste, shorts rolled up to expose puppy-fat thighs, shirts advertising the colourful outrages which the science of coal-tar derivatives has made possible, and the unnecessary and owlish excrescence of sun-glasses. After some awkward hesitation and a furtive look round, the girl covered her head with a scarf. They stood in a close and respectfully silent group, apparently listening to my friend's account of the Chapel and its Occupant, but evidently not understanding English; for presently one young man approached and asked me, in his own language, what religion was practised in this Cathedral.

"Anglican," I said.

"*Cela veut dire ?*"

A sort of English Protestantism, I hazarded. My friend corrected me hastily . . . "Catholicism, English Catholicism."

"*Mais*," they said, "*mais on nous a toujours dit . . .*" At a loss for words they gestured with a sort of respect mixed with protest towards the figurine of Our Lady. Clearly, they were accustomed to think of English Christianity in terms of the austere and iconoclastic sect of French Protestants. Was this chapel, they insisted, fully a part of the rest of the Cathedral? It was? *Tiens !* They shook their heads, gazing on that lovely, glowing, sentimental work of art.

My friend plunged, in bad French, into theology, trying to answer a question as to what difference there was, then, between this newly discovered English religion, and the Roman cult. It did not seem to me that his effort received the attention it deserved. The gaze of the three students, like my own, kept drifting across to the little statue, obedient to what we felt. We were experiencing the influence which flowed from the figure, the power which emanated from that cleverly lit Chapel. It was almost irresistible : and well it might be when one considered the enormous force which was behind it.

The intellect, Protestantism, whether religious or secular, always finds its integrity eroded by what is felt as good and sweet in tradition, by what is comforting and excellent in ancient and hallowed states of mind and spirit. There is no danger whatsoever in what is merely superstition ; even a rather feeble intellectual integrity can resist the abracadabra. But every myth is founded in some genuine feeling, and no genuine feeling widely experienced in the most distant past has failed to contribute something to the present. There is, in the presence of a powerfully evocative object of religious art, an influence which touches off an associated sympathy in the mind. It is not a question of the spirit, of allowing oneself to relax into a flattering state of Faith : simply of permitting oneself to go through certain mental motions, inherent and habitual, gestures of thought which, invested by the past with enormous power, bring on the very states of mind which originally inspired and sanctified them.

There is nothing in the Cathedral half as ancient or impressive as the power possessed by that figure of the Virgin to release in the mind a delicious treachery to scientific rationalism. Half-discredited already by what the rationalists have done to us, this creed which one is tempted to betray will have to be radically reformed and broadened, as other philosophical systems have been, if it is to be the basis of a valid and viable integrity of the mind. And while the reform is making, the mind itself holds a store of various historical and mythological knowledge, which the Goddess can make use of her in her own gentle and pleasant cause. She offers, at the price of intellectual integrity, of one's rationalism, to satisfy unsatisfied feelings and, if fully accepted to reassure, to protect. And the price demanded seems to have become uncommonly small, the value of what remnant of rationalism we still dare to call our capital, has been so much depreciated by its most recent usufruct—the H-bomb and the virus-dusts.

The fact is that till now liberalism—intellectual, social, political—has never been used, but has always been abused. There is a flaw in the theory. The flaw is the proud breach with the past, if only by shoving its states of mind into a museum and treating them with the sort of respect commanded by the Elgin Marbles. Some few sculptors of sensibility may wish that those marbles could be brought out and made use of. Some few poets may understand that the failure to respect the emotion roused in us by a sense of continuity with our predecessors, which is an abuse of the past, leads quite certainly to an abuse of the present. And not poets only : there is a curious, obscure, but absolutely undeniable difference between the quality of satisfaction to be had from ploughing, reaping with a hook, shaping wood with an adze, and that satisfaction, equally respectable, to be had from operating a capstan lathe or flying an aeroplane. In the first cases there are available associated states of mind, associated and inherently *known* physical movements which give the worker as much assurance as he has in walking upright on two feet. In the second cases the worker is not only making something physical and useful immediately—a tool or a journey : he is also making a state of mind, creating new motions of the muscles. A man working a new tool is the growing point of the myth by which *homo faber* lives, but he condemns his myth-making to fail when he pretends to find a difference in kind between then and now ; for the purchase by means of which he creates the future, is his grip on the past. EDWARD HYAMS

Festival of Fantasy

If there is one thing I look forward to seeing at the Festival of Britain, it is the Lion and Unicorn Pavilion. It will be devoted to the British character and genius. Whether the lion represents character and the unicorn stands for genius, I don't know. But both character and genius will be seen to great advantage in one small corner of the pavilion, concerned with a display of British eccentricity.

The idea here is to demonstrate the streak of fantasy in English behaviour (we may as well drop the idea that the sober-sided Celts come into it). There will be satirical and fantastic drawings by Hogarth, Dicky Doyle and Lear. But the main attraction will be models or scale drawings of odd inventions. Mr. Laurie Lee, who is in charge of Fantasy Corner, wrote to *The Times* asking for tidings of rich or strange objects. He worded his letter carefully to appeal to the genuine inventor, and not to the self-conscious eccentric. Though he has had to weed out a number of hoaxes, he has collected enough and to spare of devices really intended to benefit mankind.

Some inventions, indeed, were a bit too genuine. They sounded fantastic ; but on investigation they proved to be in commercial production and general use. Such was the Egg Marker, a contrivance screwed to the rear end of a fowl to register eggs as laid ; also the Hen's Spectacles, which induce hens to view their fellow hens in a benevolent light and "eliminate feather-picking and cannibalism." The Colonel's Shooting Hat—"containing supports for telescope, ear-pads against concussion, concealed pockets for rifle oil, brass-rimmed ventilation holes, wind velocity aggregators, etc., etc."—is much used at Bisley.

Some intriguing suggestions could not be taken up for reasons of space. Most to be regretted is

a stairway invented in Sheffield, "cunningly weighted to give the impression of walking downstairs when in fact one is walking up." There is the Rubber Bus, which deflates itself when passing under low bridges. There is the Sand Cot, devised by a spinster of Uxbridge to avoid the tyranny of washing nappies; it is half filled with warm sand which covers the baby up to its armpits. There is the plan for a complete saving of coal on the railways—the trains to be drawn by magnets placed at intervals. And offers were declined from a Rainbow Man of Gravesend, who offered to throw a rainbow across the river at any angle; and from a Metaphysical Weather Man of Reading, prepared to dry up the sky for the Festival period. He was backed by testimonials from six ladies who had for years employed him whenever they went to the seaside.

What then will Mr. Lee accept? His office in Savoy Court is filled with the rich and strange objects, at full or reduced scale, from which the selection will be made. Among the "eccentric displays" which have no mechanical aspect, but which deserve a place as a favourite English recreation, there is a picture of yachts in the sunset, made of cobwebs and onion skins; a violin made of matchsticks; a miniature tea service made of haddock bones; and there is the macabre possession of a Yorkshire museum, a decorative wall plaque in human nail parings.

On the inventive side, let us mention a gun for shooting lions at night, contributed from tropical Hexham. Glasgow sends a tin teacup with a hood allowing only a slot to drink through; its purpose is to facilitate the drinking of tea on buses. A long-felt want is catered for by the Non-Thumb-Hitting Hammer; the dangerous part is filed away. Equally welcome will be a machine for feeding cats while their owner is absent. Preston submits a Plastic Storm Hat; in bad weather the brim unrolls and covers the wearer in a cape. And an engineer living at Perivale sends a big scale drawing of a smoke-grinding machine.

Ingenious though this device may be, I should be inclined to disqualify it. It has no use or purpose; it smacks too much of *l'art pour l'art*. The hallmark of English fantasy is its seriousness. What causes our inventors, not simply to think of their devices—any volatile Continental might do that—but to plod on with building them at some cost in money, time, and effort, is the hope that they will be "taken up," that their utility will be recognised? The eccentricity lies in the disproportion between the cost and trouble of manufacture and the utility.

It remains to describe the *pièce de résistance* of the display of fantasy. This is the Morale Raiser, invented by an Army officer. Let me quote the inventor's description: "A device worn under the coat, at the back, which keeps up the morale of the wearer by maintaining continual cries of 'Bravo! Well done! Good show!' This contrivance also gives a hearty laugh when the wearer attempts a joke." Eccentric? Perhaps; certainly original. But may it not be the solution to the problems which bedevil the commanders of the exiguous Atlantic armies? Continual cries of "Well done!" must act powerfully on the mind of the soldier. Perhaps they will drive from the memory of the French conscript his recent vote cast for Communism. Perhaps that hearty laugh will help the British reservist to forget his lost job in industry or his wife's struggles to live on her allowance. Perhaps those determined voices, rendered in German, will drown a whisper of "*Ohne mich*." Perhaps, indeed, the device will make German rearmament needless, by making every Atlantic warrior feel like three men. MERVYN JONES

The Arts and Entertainment

THE LONDON GROUP

ONE'S first impression on entering the New Burlington Galleries, to which another room has been added, is of a sort of Russian Salad. Nearly 350 pictures, which are hung on every available bit of wall space, present a reasonable cross-section of contemporary painting in this country. Compared to a similar selection of French or Italian work, the paintings would appear to be predominantly romantic and literary. (This has been said many times before, but it is still true despite the influence of the School of Paris.) In fact, it means that the subject matter and its personal associations supply the primary inspiration and that each picture is constructed around itself rather than upon a set of aesthetic or social principles. Even Pasmore's abstracts tend to centre on a "Toyland" *atmosphere* and not on a rigid colour scheme. The danger of this national attitude is that an artist's work becomes too private; thus an abstract can be called *The Departure of Aeneas*, or a realistic portrait be painted with no other justification than that the painter was fond of the sitter. The advantage is that there is little doctrinaire painting.

In the first room which is rather academic and includes some dull and even incompetent work by some early members of the Group, there is a striking picture by William Townsend of the aisle of a hop-garden with its receding tracery of strings and supports. It is painted in a simple, matter-of-fact way but has far more arresting power as an original, unexpected vision than many of the more self-consciously poetic works.

The second room is livelier and has a semi-abstract bay, in the centre of which there hangs a canvas by Ceri Richards, called "Sunlight." Several swirling shapes, each broken up into a mosaic of small, grey, white and yellow diamonds, pivot on a black circle. The whole, seen through the lightly drawn mesh of a net, dazzles the eye and reproduces, in a remarkable way, the physical experience of looking up at the sun. The other abstracts are rather academic. (The word surely does apply now). The different personal styles of their painters are quite distinguishable and some are better than others—yet, when all has been argued, only one very small part of the mind is stimulated by them. They seem to bear the same relation to ordinary painting as does a game of chess to life.

On another wall in the same room there are two paintings by Potworowski; one of a pale, misty beach and curiously idle figures, the other of a bluish evening with two violinists and a woman on a couch listening. A nostalgic atmosphere hangs like a gauze over them and blurs the edges of their colours. They are very pleasant, yet nostalgia is the easiest of the emotions to evoke, and I preferred a picture of Chiswick Mall by Julian Trevelyan, which was equally sensuous in colour but less languid and more precise. Don't overlook the corridor on the left of the main room for there is a good painting at the end by Diana Butler. You look down on a crowded street, full of children playing their pavement games. Each figure has its characteristic gesture (a girl, taut-necked and slenderly on tip-toe holding a skipping rope) and is, at the same time, beautifully placed in a composition of real equilibrium. In the vestibule there is another picture worth finding by James Palmer. A figure, painted in red, sitting at a loom. It has in it all the peculiar magic which derives from the swift, flitting movement of the strands within the very solid construction of the wooden machine.

The show as a whole reflects the confusion and lack of policy within the Group itself. It must have been as difficult for the Selection Committee to find a basis of agreed and consistent standards, as it is for the visitor to adjust himself to so many very different types of painting.

JOHN BERGER

THE CONSUL

LONDON has been slow in the uptake about Gian-Carlo Menotti. Some years ago a double bill, consisting of *The Telephone* and *The Medium*, was put on with almost no publicity; it was three weeks before the public began to sniff, and then it was too late: the production had to close. No such fate should be allowed to overtake *The Consul*, which has had an eight months' run in New York and is down for production this season in many of the great opera-houses of Germany, Austria and Italy. It is not a masterpiece; it is nearer to journalism, perhaps, or to a brilliant radio feature, than to a solid work of art; one can imagine that it might cut little ice when translated into Italian and performed in the sumptuous traditional frame of La Scala. Ten years hence, moreover, it will have become either impossible, or as embarrassing as the revivals of *The Immortal Hour*. But here and now, with its fine American cast, *The Consul* makes a gripping, original, and in one scene overwhelmingly effective, specimen of musical "theatre."

Imagine, if you can, a mixture of *Juno and the Paycock* and *Tosca*. At the rise of the curtain a wounded fugitive, staggering on to the stage, begins to look for a hiding place, and every opera-goer thinks of Angelotti in the chapel of the Attavanti. But the fugitive, John Sorel, is a member of an underground organisation in a totalitarian state "somewhere in Europe," and his working-class home is Sean O'Casey with the humour left out. Sorel manages to escape from the secret police, and makes his way across the frontier. The remainder of the action concerns the desperate efforts of his wife, Magda, to obtain from the consul of another state (which is also unnamed but supposedly free) a visa for herself, her mother and her child. Each of the three acts is divided into two scenes, one in the home of the Sorels, the other in the waiting-room of the Consulate. It is the scenes at the Consulate which offer most scope to the theatrical genius and fantasy of the composer-librettist-producer.

If we attempt to make an independent assessment of its purely musical value, we shall certainly rate *The Consul* too low. Menotti is an unfailingly clever composer, with a quick sense of what is wanted at any given moment, and at the emotional climaxes a directness of utterance so uninhibited that it can only be called sincere. His score lacks any pronounced individual flavour, but turns with blithe gusto from one to another of several sources of inspiration: (1) Puccini—much the strongest single element; (2) a dash of Mussorgsky for certain realistic details, of Richard Strauss for the more exalted scenes, and of Wolf-Ferrari for the lighter moments; (3) the popular American ballad, somewhere between folksong and lyrical jazz; and (4) the international language of commercial film and radio music. One reason for the comparative weakness of the "Home" scenes is that in them the composer depends too much on this last style, failing, for example, to invent any decisive musical personality for the villainous police agent, and setting some of the more agitated stretches of dialogue so perfunctorily that the music seems an afterthought. What redeems these scenes from becoming flatly realistic, and merely harrowing, is the ballad-quality of the Mother's music, and the square and solid Abbey Theatre performance of this role by Marie Powers, well remembered for her blowsy Medium in the earlier piece.

Nevertheless, it is the scenes at the Consulate which make this opera memorable. The Consul himself is no more than a shadow seen through a frosted glass window; we sit perpetually in a dingy waiting-room, observing the meticulous routine of the Secretary (Gloria Lane) at grips with a mountain of paper, and learning to know the little group of visa-hunters who spend most of their waking hours lined up on the hard

benches. At first sight, nothing could seem less suited to the demands of opera. But it is just here that Menotti shows his curious skill and ingenuity. He has invented a whole series of appropriate musical devices to convey the bloodless horror, the pedantic absurdity, of this No-Man's Land of questionnaires, unexplained delays and interminable floods of official documentation. In the first act, for example (and this was for me the most touching moment in the whole opera), an old peasant woman, speaking nothing but Italian, tells her sad story to the Secretary in subdued but mellifluous cantilena, while an elderly scholar attempts to translate a bar or two behind the melody. And in the last act, when a visa actually comes through for the one successful applicant—a rather nondescript lady, she and the Secretary have a duet, half funny and half repulsive, as they indulge in an orgy of checking and counter-checking and rubber-stamping, and croon together over the monstrous pile of documents as though it were a new-born baby.

A wonderful inspiration adds a touch of grotesque fantasy to these scenes. Among the applicants is a conjuror. He too produces reams of paper, as meaningless as the printed forms, but gayer and prettier—festoons of coloured streamers with which he proved his identity to the bemused Secretary, a floral bouquet with which he attempts to win her favour, even a dove which delights (a charming touch) the poor old Italian woman. Thanks to the inventiveness of the music at this point (I really think comedy is the composer's strongest suit), and thanks to a dazzling performance from Norman Kelley, this scene develops a formidable comic brio; since the conjuror has a testing tenor role culminating in a sustained high B flat, I can't imagine how the part manages to be filled elsewhere. It is a measure of Menotti's power to bounce the audience that he can use this scene of riotous fantasy as a contrasting preparation for the big dramatic outburst of Magda Sorel, which immediately follows it. Perhaps, coldly examined, the music of Magda's aria doesn't amount to much; but, delivered with the blazing intensity of Patricia Neway, it is nothing less than sensational. She has a hard, strong, vibrant, dark voice; finely chiselled features, with great smouldering black eyes; and a complete identification with her part that enables us to forget the fact that Magda Sorel is a mere symbol of misfortune, just as her husband is a mere symbol of heroism. In the last scene she commits suicide by gas poisoning, and the opera dissolves—via some marvellously apt orchestral sounds—into the usual Expressionist death-dream-fantasy. For all we know, this convention may prove a grimly realistic foretaste of the truth; I shouldn't be at all surprised to find that Eternity really does consist of all the most boring and stale conversations of a life-time endlessly repeated to a slow valse rhythm. But as a theatrical device, this sort of finale has had its day; and *The Consul* would have been a stronger opera if its last two acts had been conflated into one. Let no qualifications, however, deter you from seeing this fantastic, melodramatic Opera of Our Times; it achieves with certainty what was spasmodically attempted in the Auden-Isherwood plays; like his own conjuror, Gian-Carlo Menotti has so many talents at his command, so many tricks up his sleeve, that one thing at least is reasonably certain: you will have no time to be bored.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TELEVISION NOTES

TV has tackled nothing more ambitious so far than the Elmer Rice play, *Counsellor at Law*. It was first produced on television, in a modified form, two years ago, but the other night it was presented afresh and almost in full. It lasted for 2½ hours and involved many exacting problems of manipulation, as well as the mastery by its principal characters of a very difficult type of dialogue. *Counsellor at Law* seemed to me to portend a new chapter in TV: this production was a real eye-opener. The structure of the play is particularly suitable for the miniature screen for, although there are two dozen characters in it, the action seldom requires more than two or three of them to appear at the same time. The play is thus free from that jockeying for position among the actors which makes so many TV dramas resemble a frantic huddle at Tattenham Corner. Within the main plot of the play there are, moreover, five or six subordinate ones among which the cameras move in a powerful rhythm of association and suspense. Above all, here is a play *about something*; not the customary fretwork contrivance of a prefabricated situation, but the organic development of a human dilemma. Among many supplementary merits of this absorbing piece there is, especially, the documentary interest of its background, for while one's feelings are gripped by the dramatic story one's curiosity and social interest are, on a lower plane of attention, occupied by the brisk and abundant routine of daily life in a busy solicitor's office. *Counsellor at Law* seemed to me, both in form and content, the very stuff of television, and I hope we may take this bold production as a portent. In the large company of fine actors who brought this poignant play to life the most prominent were Abraham Sofaer, Patricia Jessel and Clara Meisels. The production, adroit and intelligent throughout, was by Eric Fawcett.

I must dwell for a moment more upon the devotion, as well as the technical skill, of the actors in these major occasions of TV drama. To put so much work into a play which can be expected to run for months in a London theatre is an effort, of course, to be expected of them. But what an exorbitant strain and meagre reward it seems to labour so hard for two performances!

There are more oases than there used to be in the desert of television entertainment. The most reliable and refreshing of them is *How do You View?* distinguished by the wit and mimicry of Terry-Thomas and further enlivened by Avril Angers, a personable young woman who is willing to sacrifice glamour for the sake of comedy. I applaud her decision, for she is the likeliest clown I have set eyes upon for a long time, in any medium, and she may well become another Cecily Courtneidge. Entertainment of lighter weight, though none the less welcome, is being provided once a week by Richard Hearne in "Mr. Pastry's Progress," a domestic nonsense in which our hero continuously comes to grief in ridiculous situations. His method of receiving a custard-pie, smack-dab in the face, has all the authority of a Keystone Primitive.

I have ungratefully omitted to mention for some time in this column the clever and agreeable work of Joan Gilbert in *Picture Page*, the weekly TV miscellany. She is called upon, often at short notice, to cope with difficult "sitters" and exacting situations. Not only does she marshal her assignment with cool head and ready tongue, but she achieves also an appearance of unpremeditated charm which makes her doubly acceptable.

W. E. WILLIAMS

THE MOVIES

"The Paris Waltz," at the Rialto
"Abbasso La Richezzi," at the Continentale
"The Man who Cheated Himself," at the Dominion and the New Victoria
"The Long Dark Hall," at the Leicester Square

The one thing I have against *The Paris Waltz* is that it has displaced *City Lights*; a visit every five or six weeks might soon, I feel, have become a habit. However, *The Paris Waltz* makes a very pretty distraction. The music is Offenbach's, the story (supposedly) his also. As the composer, Pierre Fresnay suggests some shy, sly little animal of Grandville's—say, a Mr. Gopher or Mr. Lemming—short-sighted, romantic and gay. Song and dance bubble up in him on every occasion. Does some lover show himself awkward? Little Offenbach dives for the piano to strum out, "Que les hommes sont bêtes, sont bêtes, sont bêtes." That, at least, is how the very acceptable legend is made to run. All goes trippingly, with Offenbach in love with operetta, woman and success, until a particular woman (Yvonne Printemps) comes to focus down this rosiest of visions upon one delightful but slippery person. Having thoughtlessly given her the hint in slipperiness, he finds himself in despair when she is besieged, and not only besieged, by a Grand Duke, a Caliph and an arbiter of Court circles, to say nothing of a prince or two, and an indigent fellow-singer. For, of course, she sings all the Offenbach successes, and through them makes her way; and being Yvonne Printemps—forever Yvonne Printemps—does it quite irresistibly. Muslin shadows flit through the Tuileries, dressing-rooms buzz, the audience bangs time, café's reel, there's music in the pavilion over the waters, a quiet meeting at thirty paces in the dawn: somehow in the end it will all come casually right. The world of the "old musical," indeed! But the Offenbach tunes and lift seem specially designed for it. Better Paris in effervescence than Vienna maudlin. Does a verse here and there go on rather long? It will be more than made up by a piece of delicate fooling: the bashful Caliph in his box beginning to engage in the battle of eyes is the funniest thing on any London screen at the moment. Our thanks to an excellent cast, and to Pierre Achard, whose direction, casual seeming, has kept the thread of charm and wit.

Those who visit the Continentale for the sake of Anna Magnani may find themselves disappointed with a slapdash, talkative comedy about fruit-sellers having their fling in a villa while the dispossessed aristocrat fries himself an egg in the cellar. The fun too rarely gets going. Magnani boops, Magnani sings. But her entry into society carries only a shade of the swash-buckling it should have, and it's not till her reappearance in the street market at the end that she comes for a few moments into her own.

Of the week's thrillers *The Man Who Cheated Himself* (directed by Felix E. Feist) is a neat little affair in the tradition of *The Maltese Falcon*. Two brothers, detectives, investigate a case in which the elder of them (Irving J. Cobb) has got involved: triumph and disillusion of the youngster. The treatment is mercifully, and skilfully, dry. Good background, tension, acting. I wish I could say the same for our own piece about innocent suburbia finding itself on the capital charge at the Old Bailey; but it is a long, dark hall of a film, through which Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer amble looking intensely unhappy.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Swedish Ballet, at the Princes Theatre

Scandinavia certainly boasts an excellent ballet—and a first-rate opera; each of which demand to be seen in London. But let us be quite clear which Scandinavian country excels in which sphere, for, as most Swedes and Danes agree, Swedish ballet and Danish opera are for home consumption only. Not that the Swedes lack a tradition of ballet. Bournonville, who virtually created the Royal Ballet at Copenhagen, worked in Stockholm; Fokine was a guest choreographer there in 1911; while Rolf de Maré and Jean Borlin won an international reputation between 1920 and 1924 for their *Ballets Suédois*. Who would imagine that the present company had such distinguished forbears? Maré's commemorative volume, *Les Ballets Suédois dans l'art contemporain*, is a sad reminder. Cocteau, Claudel, Léger, Milhaud, Pirandello, Cendrars, Chirico, and Bonnard were only a few of his collaborators. His productions were *avant gard*, but I am sure that they would seem little dated if they were given to-day—certainly far less dated than the current Swedish ballets at the Princes Theatre, which are conceived in an idiom that is already old fashioned. Miss Birgit Cullberg's version of *Medea*, for instance, is a mixture of callisthenics and the sort of symbolical prancing that one imagines Mary Wigman used to practise at Dresden in the Twenties. *Miss Julie*, a fantasy after Strindberg, which is this company's other production, is more satisfactory because there is less of the pretentious posturing and high-school eurhythmics which clog any flow that

GOLD IN BRITAIN

BRITAIN is not a recognised gold bearing country, but there is gold in Britain. The Romans knew this, and mined it, notably in the valley of the Cothi in Carmarthenshire, where they had a flourishing settlement. The British Empire on the other hand is the greatest producer of gold in the world. Gold mining is no longer an affair of pick and shovel and washing-pan, but a highly developed industry in which chemicals are used extensively. Indeed, gold production on the scale carried on to-day is only possible as a result of British chemical research. In 1890 the position of the great South African industry was critical. The extraction of gold from the Rand reef was becoming impossible, and it was actually thought that the end of the industry was in sight. In the cellar of a Glasgow tenement a young chemist named MacArthur was working on a process for extracting gold from ores by means of cyanide. MacArthur had noticed that the method then in use for toning photographs used a solution of gold, and he was able to prove that a weak solution of cyanide would dissolve the gold from the ores, leaving the base metals behind. He was sent to demonstrate his method to the Rand mine-owners. For two days and nights he worked on the problem at the Salisbury mine at Johannesburg. Late on the third day he produced a small ingot of gold. It showed 98 per cent. extraction! The Rand gold mining industry was saved. To-day the cyanide method of gold extraction is used in gold mines all over the world. Even gold depends for its production upon the work of the British chemist.

ICI

Medea has. The gay and folksy waltzes which Miss Cullberg has composed give the principals, Miss Elsa-Marianne von Rosen and Mr. Julius Mongarelli, opportunities for mime and dancing, which I hope to discuss at greater length next week. R. J.

The London Mozart Players

This first-rate group of players, drawn largely from the Philharmonia Orchestra and ably conducted by Harry Blech, have made it their business to explore the less familiar works of Mozart and Haydn. The neglected music of some composers (for example, Beethoven and Schumann) is often disappointing in performance; but it is impossible to thrust one's hand into the vast miscellanies of Haydn and Mozart without drawing forth some jewel which would make the fortune of a lesser composer. In the absence of a complete edition, the exploration of Haydn demands particular enthusiasm and persistence. At the most recent Chelsea Town Hall concert of the London Mozart Players, Dennis Brain displayed his shapely phrasing, his quiet humour and his amazing beauty of tone in a Haydn concerto for horn; to make possible this performance (probably the first ever given in England), it was necessary to obtain from Vienna photostat copies of the manuscript. The work dates from 1762 and exploits the limited resources of the natural horn with frequent use of those small surprises which are so characteristic of Haydn's style; indeed, it is the absence of such surprises which casts doubt on the authenticity of a later Horn Concerto in the same key of D. The concert ended with that Sinfonia Concertante for four wind instruments which was formerly banished to the Appendix of doubtful or spurious Mozartian works, but is now admitted to the canon. Listening to the exquisite interweaving of the solo instruments one can hardly doubt its authorship, yet a mystery remains. What other mature symphonic work of Mozart has all three movements in the same key, and how could his ear, the most sensitive ever possessed by a musician, tolerate for so long the plump tone of wind chords in E flat major.

D. S.-T.

Correspondence

KRUPP

SIR,—Mr. Brian Lunn commends Tilo von Wilmowsky's book on the Nuremberg trial of the Krupp Directors as "very sober." He does not disclose that von Wilmowsky, sober or not, was Deputy Chairman of the Krupp Board of Directors until 1943, became Krupp's representative in German society because of his aristocratic origin, and was a member of the presidency of the "Mitteldeutsche Wirtschaftstag," an association of leading German and South-east European industrialists.

It is not surprising that his book revives some Krupp legends. One is that Krupps "risked incurring Nazi penalties in using every means to circumvent German directives." I heard some of the Krupp trial proceedings (and, incidentally, do not understand Mr. Lunn's references to "the curious legal conduct" of the case). I recollect that of a total of about 190,000 Krupp workers in September, 1944, no less than 39 per cent. was slave labourers. There was ample evidence to support the Court finding that the Krupp defendants were "guilty of constant, wide-spread and flagrant violations of the laws of war relating to the employment of prisoners of war, of eager participation in the forced labour procurement programme and of shocking mistreatment of the prisoners, deportees and concentration camp inmates who toiled in the Krupp plants." The Court rejected the defence of "necessity." "The defendants were not acting under compulsion or coercion exercised by the Reich authorities within the meaning of the law of necessity," because their will was not overpowered but indeed coincided "with the will of those from whom the alleged compulsion emanated." Even assuming an element of coercion, "the injuries inflicted by the defendants were far greater than the risk which threatened them."

The statement that the Krupps were "from early times famous for their welfare arrangements for workers" is another piece of Krupp propaganda. My information is that in the 19th century their provisions against sickness were scanty. It is true that they built six housing estates for their workers. As an investment, they were good business. As houses, they were squalid and became the worst slums of Essen. There were also Krupp canteens—but the Co-ops gave better discounts. Krupps have been in frequent dispute about pensions and insurances for their workmen. In 1923, when insurance and pension funds disappeared in the devaluation of the mark, Krupps declined to do anything to relieve the desperate position of the old-age pensioners. The public scandal was so great that the German Government had to help with a subsidy, forcing Krupps in turn to contribute an equal amount. Was von Wilmowsky's book, I wonder, the "fresh evidence" which Mr. McCloy relied on when he released the Krupp Directors?

House of Commons, S.W.1. F. ELWYN JONES

"AS A SOCIALIST SEES IT"

SIR,—Professor Cole's authority over progressive opinion in this country is so great that any formal statement of his attitude to an important political problem merits the closest attention. With his desire for peace between Britain and China one can of course only agree. But in his article in your issue of February 3 he writes:

> If Britain gets dragged into war with China by the Americans, I shall be on the side of China.

These words can only mean that in the event of war between Britain and China, Professor Cole will be at war with Britain. They can only be interpreted by his many admirers and disciples as an appeal to sabotage and civil war. Is this really what Professor Cole means? If not, why does he use those words?

Professor Cole says that he wanted North Korea to win because South Korea had a regime of reactionary landlordism. What degree of social perfection must a government attain before Professor Cole will regard it as entitled to receive help against aggression? Adenauer is a man of the Right. If Pieck's forces invade Western Germany in order to reunite *ein Volk* in *ein Reich* under *ein Führer*—the teacher of genius of all progressive humanity—will Professor Cole wish them luck?

Professor Cole criticises Moscow, but he accepts Moscow's view of American foreign policy. Can he not distinguish between a Power which, having the best equipped and most powerful army in the history of the human race, disbanded it within a few months of victory, and one which chose not only to maintain its own forces at war strength but also to raise armies totalling more than 500,000 men in three enemy satellite States whose forces were precisely limited by peace treaties which bear its signature? Can he see no difference between a country in which an uncontrolled press sometimes speaks ill of British Socialism, and one whose official emissaries and foreign agents have destroyed by violence the Socialist parties of six European countries? How does he prevent himself from seeing that to-day the implacable and murderous enemy of Socialism is counter-revolutionary Stalinism, the Moloch state-capitalism that exploits the workers and peasants of Russia, the economic robber-imperialism that exploits the oil-fields of Rumania, the minerals of the Danube valley and the railways and ports of Manchuria, that is impatiently awaiting its chance to exploit the wealth and labour of the rest of Europe, Asia and Africa? Professor Cole, the prophet of a generation of British Socialism, bids his disciples stand neutral between those who are preparing the annihilation of Socialist Britain and those who defend her.

University College, Oxford. HUGH SETON-WATSON

SIR,—It may be that in his statement Professor Cole was acting on the strategic principle that, in order to be effective, it is necessary for a minority to appear more extreme than it in fact is. If this is so, it is an ill-advised policy. It has never been necessary for him to scream in order to be heard. Nor, until now, has it been necessary for him to distort, evade and deny the truth in order to be convincing.

I submit, as an American observer, that (1) it is a distortion of the truth to dismiss the South Korean Government as a "hopelessly reactionary puppet affair"—the elections that preceded the Communist invasion showed, if anything, quite the opposite; (2) it is an evasion of the truth (and a slander on the moral sense of the American people) to say that a free and independent South Korean Government "was of no great importance to them unless they were contemplating aggressive action against China"; (3) it is a denial of the truth to say that "the Americans are openly supporting Chiang in his expressed determination to reconquer China."

But these are trifles alongside the contention that previous to the Chinese intervention the United States was "building up a strategic position for war against Communist China." I do not feel that anyone in G. D. H. Cole's position has the moral right to know or understand so little about the American people as to assert that their actions in Korea were intended to be, and would inevitably have proved to be, the beginning of an unprovoked attack upon China. Such *a priori* deductions concerning American motives and intentions derive from a wild, almost mythological conception of American society. But if such deductions are inexcusable and irresponsible, the conclusions that follow from them are suicidal. However Professor Cole may cherish the idea of a Third Force based upon the assumption that the United States offers no more hope to the world than does Soviet Russia, I fear he is doomed to disappointment. I greatly doubt that we shall be afforded the luxury of separate graves.

25 Queens Gardens, London, W.2. DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

POLICY FOR PEACE

SIR,—Many Socialists who have felt uneasy about one or other aspect of the Government's international policy have felt it their duty to keep silence or severely to moderate their views in public in order to preserve the unity of the Labour Movement and sustain the Government against our political opponents. Especially has this been the case since the last General Election, when the very existence of a Labour Government in this country has been at stake.

Now, however, it has become clear that if certain policies—and notably large-scale rearmament with all its internal social and economic consequences—are persisted in, the Labour Government will be destroyed before many months are out through loss of public support. (Labour members and others in close touch with the constituencies can confirm from their own experience that the startling swingover shown in the recent Gallup Poll cannot be very far wide of the mark.) Two or three by-election defeats followed by a General Election (or worse, a Coalition) will put an end—perhaps for years—to the Democratic Socialist experiment in Britain, and a Tory Government, with fewer inhibitions than a Labour one about sacrificing social advance to military power or turning Britain into an American satellite, will hasten the drive towards war and turn many people, in despair, towards Communism.

To keep open the road towards Democratic Socialism in Britain and peace in the world it is more than ever necessary to keep Labour in power in Britain, but—and this is the central point—these objectives can now be realised not by silence, but only by the most *vigorous and open* advocacy of a drastic change of foreign policy.

Without loss of time all those—and there are many—who know in their hearts that the present course can lead only to Labour's political suicide in Britain, to increasing subservience to the United States, and eventually to an Atomic World War, must come together in order collectively to declare their resolve to do all that is in their power to change the course in the direction of independence, Socialism and peace.

We all know what the immediate objectives of a new policy must be: peace with China and her admission to the councils of the U.N. and the Great Powers; no rearmament of Germany or Japan; use of the planned £500 millions increase in Government revenue for social and economic advance at home and in Asia and Africa instead of for more arms; immediate Four- and Five-Power talks, with Britain giving an independent lead for agreement and the end of the arms race; association with India and other like-minded countries in building a genuine Peace Alliance

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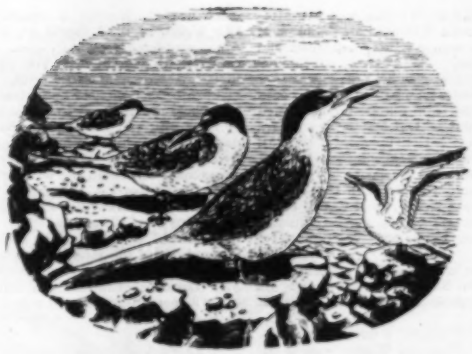

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Since so many Socialists now hold these or similar views, what is immediately required is a rallying point. *Faute de mieux*, the Socialist Europe Group (which despite its name, embraces wider objectives than a Socialist Europe) offers itself. Expressions of support, offers of assistance, and proposals for action from members of the Labour Party, should be sent immediately to the Secretary, Kenneth Ingram, 26, Trevor Square, London, S.W.7, from whom, too, a copy of a short statement on the current situation entitled *A Road to Peace* can be obtained in return for 3d. in stamps.

If sufficient support is forthcoming, a meeting will be arranged, when the S.E.G. will gladly merge its identity in anything capable of achieving its objectives more effectively.

SYDNEY SILVERMAN, WILFRED VERNON,
WILLIAM WARBEY

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

SIR,—This American subscriber frequently finds himself mildly repelled by your vigorous anti-Americanism, even though he himself is a vigorous enough critic, heaven knows, of current confusions in American policy. This perhaps goes back as far as Cooper, who thought that all self-respecting Americans criticised their civilisation at home and defended it abroad. The long and depressing history of Anglo-American misunderstanding is evidently not yet quite cleared up; in a storm, each people instinctively begins to rail at the other. In the presence of this phenomenon, one stands appalled at the difficulties in the way of nations understanding each other. If we cannot know each other, how can we ever know Russia or China?

America is going through her Palmerstonian period, to which episode in your foreign-policy history I would refer you for some faint but illuminating parallels. I agree with the correspondents who think that a firm lead from your part of the world is much needed. If there is superior wisdom in the Old World, as there should be, let it come forth. American blunders are due, quite simply, to immaturity, which is excusable. You can scarcely expect to be excused if, knowing better, you barter your brains for American gold and refuse to say out what you would say if you dared. The truth I suspect to be this: that you are in about the same unsavoury mess as we, in which a solution satisfactory to liberals is very hard to find. The difference is that you have a convenient scapegoat, and we have not. But there is surely much that can and should be said to check America's well-known penchant for handling a problem as our pioneers always did—by laying an axe to the tree and dispensing with bothersome thought. Remember that this people has never before encountered an obstacle it could not lick. Now, for the first time confronted with stubborn international realities that will not brush aside, we not unnaturally fly into the rage of a child who is refused something for the first time.

As for the American intellectuals, the answer is that they, like all intellectuals at all times and places, neither approve of the way affairs are run nor exert the least influence on them. To say that they all have suspended their critical judgment is absurd. Few care for the recent blend of murkiness and arrogance issuing from Washington. They do not happen to own any of the great newspapers, a situation I take to be similar in England; after the fashion of intellectuals they talk and occasionally write a book. In a democracy the intellectuals do not count, only the "people." Admittedly the latter are confused. They generally are, on complex questions.

AMERICAN SUBSCRIBER

SIR,—Lacking the omniscience of Mr. Reeves, whose letter you published on January 20, I cannot offer any sweeping generalisations regarding public opinion in the United States. Indeed, I cannot but envy Mr. Reeves his firm grasp upon the pulse of American opinion. In my own small, housewifely way I have tried to discover what my fellow-countrymen think about the foreign policy of our present government. The most significant fact I can report is that many are loath to express any opinion. (Such reticence is understandable to me when I stop to consider that if I were still a teacher, subject to a loyalty oath, I should hesitate to introduce the subject of foreign policy for discussion.)

Of perhaps a score of friends and acquaintances who have been willing to discuss the matter, I can recall only one who has condoned MacArthur's order to cross the 38th Parallel, or our policy of excluding Communist China from the U.N., or our whip-cracking method of lining up votes in the U.N.

What "most of us" think I have, of course, no way of knowing. But it seems safe to assume that those others who are unwilling to talk are opponents of our present policy.

My personal thanks to you for stating courageously in your columns what an unreckonable number of Americans believe to be the sad truth.

JOSEPHINE H. PHILLIPS
10 Summit Avenue, Roslyn Harbor,
New York.

DIVIDENDS AND INFLATION

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Stephen Swingler in his quoted extract from the *Evening Standard* concerning Lord Rothermere's holding in Anglo-Newfoundland Development shares, cites the kind of stuff that makes a great impression upon the uninformed, but which in fact has little or nothing to do with the subject under discussion—namely bonus share issues.

From the low point of £4 10s. mentioned, at which the shares stood fifteen months or so ago, heavy and persistent buying, activated by the excellent prospects of Canadian industry in general, and Anglo-Newfoundland Development in particular, forced the shares up to a high point in the region of £10-£11. The shares had slipped back to a basis of about £8½-£9, when the bonus issue (2 new shares for every old one held) came into effect. The day the shares were quoted "ex share bonus," i.e., the first day a shareholder owned 3 shares instead of one, what was the price? Was it still £8½-£9? No, it was not, it was £2⅞-£3, approximately a third of the previous day's value. Subsequently more persistent buying has driven the price of the shares in their new form up to a high point of about £4½, and the price is around £4⅜ as I write. So the shareholder, who had one white mouse before, had three-thirds of the self-same white mouse on bonus day, worth precisely the same. Perhaps now your other correspondent, Mr. R. Bellamy can see, to quote his own words, that "the new market value of the original shares plus the market value of the bonus issue, is no greater than the former market value of the original shares." The very substantial increase in the value of a shareholding in Anglo-Newfoundland Development, is due to the current high state of prosperity in Canada.

The logical question which may be asked is "Well, if bonus issues don't mean a thing, why are they given?" The answer is that they are book-keeping transactions pure and simple, designed solely to bring the nominal issued capital of a company into line with the real capital employed in the business. If a company starts life with an issued capital of £100,000, and does very well over a period of years, prudently ploughing back a large proportion of its profits into the business, it will in time accumulate certain reserves, which will in all probability be employed in expanding the business. These reserves may eventually amount to, say, three times the original capital of £100,000, though this latter figure will still appear in the balance-sheet as the capital of the company. It is somewhat absurd and untrue to leave things like this, and the average company in this position will often decide to capitalise the extra £200,000 of reserves which are being employed in the business by issuing a free bonus of 2 new shares for every old one held. Does this improve the position and prospects of the company or the shareholder? Obviously neither. All that happens is that the issued capital of the company is thereafter shown at its true figure of £300,000—an efficient and prosperous concern has made a sensible and quite legitimate book-keeping entry.

E. P. BAZALGETTE
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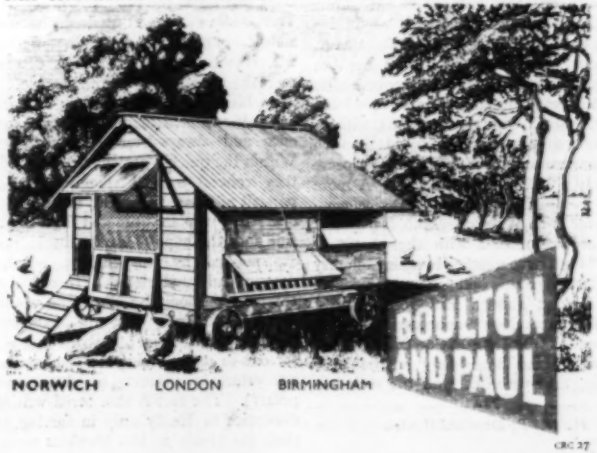

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Books in General

THE novels of Thomas Hardy are large, inescapable facts in the literature of the 19th century and it seems to be agreed that they are awkward or anomalous facts. They discomforted Hardy himself. "If I had known," he is reported to have said, "that *Tess* was going to make such a stir, I would have tried to make it a better book." Mr. Desmond Hawkins in a short, uneven but often suggestive study*, remarks upon Hardy's intuitive approach, his inability to learn from experience, his uncertainty of what a novel ought to be and his doubt that it could hold what he wanted it to hold. He is the victim, this critic thinks, of a series of fluctuations between the resolve to be merely "a good hand at a serial" and the desire "to formulate in his novel-writing the motifs and individual feeling and personal philosophy which later informed his poetry." Lord David Cecil, some years ago, seized upon the qualities of the poetic dramatist in he novelist and saw him—as indeed there is strong reason for doing—as an Elizabethan born out of his time; but another, more recent critic, Mr. A. J. Guerard, clearly regards this as evasive: "We add up his distinguishable virtues patiently, only to arrive at an absurdly small sum. Dissatisfied with this sum, we posit still other virtues. This is what most of Hardy's critics have done." And his conclusion is the severe one that Hardy was a great popular novelist and not a great deliberate artist. The clue to that popularity is—his optimism! For Hardy's "meaning" is the eminently consoling one that "No human being in his doomed pursuit of happiness deserves less than is given; that things, not men, are to blame; that *everybody* is good enough."

All these criticisms have their truth and we seem to be faced by a smaller version of the embarrassment that has been felt by modern critics before the work of Balzac and Dickens. On a lesser scale, Hardy is one of those novelists who contain their time; and Hardy's "time" is the period of the disappearance of the English peasant, the period of rustic deracination. Two scales of value seem to operate in his imagination: one that belongs to the fading world of the folk; the other that is a hybrid—a mixture of the poetic and the melodramatic. The famous scene where Tess, on her last journey, rests at Stonehenge is at once poetically fitting and yet aesthetically grotesque and morally excessive. Only poetic drama, with its greater power of incandescence, could fuse such a Shakespearean moment. But Shakespeare is too ready a 19th-century analogy. A more profitable comparison, as Mr. Hawkins says, can be made with Webster. Both Hardy and Webster are intoxicated with the poetry of tragedy: "both have a rather bungling, clumsy way with its mechanics, and are in some degree deficient in that subtler sense of character which makes great blows unnecessary, except as final chords." The success or failure of the scenes which stand uncertainly between the picturesque, the symbolical and the melodramatic, does not lie entirely at Hardy's door, for as a poetic dramatist he depends a little upon his audience. The modern reader, whether he is brought up on *Madame Bovary* or on contemporary naturalism, is likely to have to make an act of faith; and those who are exasperated at the thought of Hardy being taken seriously as a novelist may recall that there are moments of symbolism in *Madame Bovary* and in Stendhal (notably at the end of *Le Rouge et Le Noir*) which call for similar acts of faith. To my sense, however, the effect of some of Hardy's doubtful high moments is not simple but mixed. If one looks at the drowning scene at the end of *The Return of the Native*, it is, from one point of view, ludicrously *voulu*. The two male bodies are pulled out of the water unconscious, one of them gripping the legs of the other, while Eustacia also is floating around still to catch; we are dangerously on the edge of laughter. Yet we can see how the poetic dramatist can be said to have brought it all off.

Then again Hardy, in his awkward way, interposes another element in this episode: a piece of rustic observation which is a mixture of the grotesque and the local. I mean the description of the cautious Venn who goes to the rescue by prudently making a raft of one of the hatches of the weir. He lies on it and paddles safely about the swirling water, holding a lantern in his hand. In the middle of the melodrama we get this uncouth, authentic, knowing country touch. And this conscious, uncritical awkwardness of Hardy's leaves behind it, against all the aesthetic evidence, a sensation that is genuine—the sensation of pathos and misery that lies in the awkwardness of life. A Zola would have been altogether too stark—compare his drowning scenes; in Hardy, the very muddle between the objective and subjective points of view has a verisimilitude of its own. I am not sure how to define it: could we say that we find a quality rarely conveyed by novelists who are often too clever as a race: the quality of human bewilderment?

There is a naivety in Hardy's craftsmanship. Only one book, the early *Under the Greenwood Tree*, oddly escapes it, no doubt because it is a simple, sugar-plum pastoral. Perhaps this naivety was encouraged by his determination to make a living by writing serials. In this, as in his ideas, Hardy is a self-educated man, and self-educated men rarely learn by experience and always stereotype their mistakes. Within the quickly grown shell of cranky pride they conceal a fatal sluggishness; Hardy's portrait of Clym Yeobright, indeed all his male characters who are uprooted from the countryside and who hope to *rise* by intellectual effort, are marked by this malady which Hardy despondently understood. (In one of his rare, shrewd, sociological remarks he pointed out, on Marxist lines, that the economic must precede the cultural; perhaps that is why he set out to make money by the novels he did not value, in order to be able to write his poetry). The fact is that serial-writing was a disservice to Hardy only in forcing him into plots for which, as Mr. Hawkins says, he had no skill; I hope that Mr. Hawkins does not mean that he was a poor story-teller. Obviously Hardy was an excellent story-teller. Where the absurd demands of serial writing were beneficial to Hardy was in the insistence on episode. One episode per instalment—Hardy responded to that, for there he had a wonderful creative gift. The famous scenes where Henchard sells his wife, or where he sees his effigy in the river, are examples; and in *Tess*, if the murder is unconvincing, the moment where the blood is seen coming through the ceiling is perfect. The strong opening scenes in pretty well all the novels are also, because of this gift, tremendous. In fact, one might say that the genius of Hardy is, so to say, switched on in the episodes, and is switched off mainly in the stilted dialogue of the connecting passages. The first chapter of *The Return of the Native* "goes out," once Thomasin has got home and has to explain her situation to her lover and her mother.

Both to Lord David Cecil and Mr. Hawkins, in their very different studies, the fitfulness of craft reflects a kind of homelessness in Hardy. I think it is a profoundly true observation of Lord David's, which Hardy's family history would support, that he was one of a dying race and dispensation; and Mr. Hawkins notes that Hardy took a pessimistic view of the optimistic doctrine of evolution, whereas Meredith, a poetic contemporary, was moved to almost violent, romantic optimism by it. Mr. Hawkins is saying that Hardy is the father of the modern sex novel:

> I think we can say that the sex-novel is the special medium of a disrupted and incoherent society in which religion has lost its primary sanctions and the patterns of public life are fragmentary and ill-defined. When each ego starts to go adrift on its individual raft, sex becomes the most relevant idiom of common experience. Aware of his intellectual loneliness in an age of doubt, Hardy found that most of the inner nature of people could be brought to expression in a chronicle of human passion and their innate quality could be refracted through their sexual relations.

Through love we enter into the sublime. The tragic heroes and heroines of Hardy are victims of their own rebellion, of the illusion that they are performing the part of progress. They commit the sin of pride; the passive or faithful characters, like Marty South, are the victims of the proud. But to Hardy—and this is where Mr. Hawkins finds an ambiguity in the tragic sense—they are not really to blame. Though their follies have brought them low, their follies are small, accidental and forgivable. "It" or "the President" are the real culprits. But what (Mr. Hawkins thinks) was at the back of Hardy's mind was not "It," but a pessimism or tragic sense he had got from the Bible, not from science. Hardy "is one of the great singers of the wrath of God."

> There is a fascinated expectation that the heretic must suffer an orthodox retribution .... there can be no doubt that Hardy's sympathies are with the heretic, with the proud pioneer of higher sensibility who rejects the accepted ways of life—yet in some corner of his heart he seems to desire his protagonists to be damned. It's almost as if damnation were the one certain proof of God's existence.

The argument is ingenious, but I am not sure

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* *Thomas Hardy*. By Desmond Hawkins. *Arthur Barker*. 6s.

that it is important except in so far as it illustrates Hardy's strange, devitalised masochism. This is marked in the sexual lives of his characters. The heretics, like Jude and Sue, are seekers of a "higher" love; evil, for Hardy, is in the surrender to ordinary sexual love, and indeed where these seekers of the higher get caught out, is in a love which is abnormally, even perversely abased. In Bournemouth Tess was evidently not "pure", even mentally. We recall Henry James's scornful remark about the pretence of sexuality in Hardy's novels. The heretics of Hardy are neurotics and Bovarys; and Hardy expected the devitalisation of the human race. With the exception of Henchard, there is no mature man. The villains themselves are merely glittering dreams of sexual potency. They bring out the character of the excellent women whom Hardy punishes for yielding to them.

Mr. Hawkins's book belongs to a series which encourages a slight, shrewd, wayward treatment. He is a sensitive, sympathetic critic. My only criticism is that he mars his work by comic, conversational asides which are out of place. It is jarring to read a phrase like: "in this book landscape comes unstuck from the plot." In his useful summary of the plots also he is not always happy: surely there is more than sexual drama in Jude? The whole key to the book is Jude's desire for Christminster and education, and this is not mentioned. It is a side of Hardy, too, that needs to be taken seriously into account.

V. S. PRITCHETT

UNDER THE LIME TREE

Under the lime tree,
by the heath,
where with my well-beloved I lay,
you can go and see,
down beneath,
flowers and grass we broke that day.
Where the forest comes down to the dale;
tandaradee!
sweetly sang the nightingale.

Down to the meadow
I came walking
and found my lover there before.
Such a welcome I had, O
Lady, such talking,
that I'll be joyful evermore.
Did he kiss me well or ill?
Tandaradee!
Look how red my lips are still!

With the wild flowers
there my love
made a lavish bed for me;
this bed of ours,
should you pass above,
will make you laugh most heartily.
By the roses you can trace,
tandaradee!
where my head lay in that place.

Had anyone seen us
lying there,
(God grant none did!) I'd be ashamed.
What passed between us
is our affair,
never to be known or named
but by us and a small bird,
tandaradee!
which may never breathe a word.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE
(*c.* 1170-1230)
Translated by MICHAEL HAMBURGER

HEAD GARDENER OF ENGLAND

Capability Brown. By DOROTHY STROUD. *Country Life.* 42*s.*

Since Mr. Christopher Hussey gave us, in *The Picturesque*, published in 1927, the first critical history of eighteenth-century taste in landscape and garden, the career of Lancelot Brown, called Capability, has been a tantalising subject for further investigation and description. Now Miss Dorothy Stroud, inspired, as she confesses, by Mr. Hussey's work, gives us a really excellent monograph on Capability, a careful, direct, pleasantly written work with splendid illustrations. Mr. Hussey contributes a useful critical introduction.

Lancelot Brown was a north-country lad who, at the age of twenty-four, with some dozen years of practical gardening behind him, found himself employed at Lord Cobham's estate at Stowe. That was in 1740, and the place was already famous. Bridgman, Vanbrugh, Kent and Gibbs had worked or were working there, making it the finest school of estate "improvement," perhaps, in Europe. Brown became head gardener. In 1749 Lord Cobham died and the head gardener of Stowe became, in a wonderfully short time, head gardener of all England. Walpole's comment that "one Brown . . . has set up on a few ideas of Mr. Kent and Mr. Southcote" was contemptuous but, up to a point, accurate, for the Brown formula does in fact take the "clump" from Kent, and the "belt" from the amateur Philip Southcote, combining them with other devices from Bridgman and Wise. Walpole, writing in 1751, no doubt thought that he had said all that need be said about an upstart mannerist. But he was wrong, and he learnt to know and admit it, for when Brown died in 1783 his tone was very different:

> His great and fine genius stood unrivalled. . . . Those who knew him best, or practised near him, were not able to determine whether the quickness of his eye, or its correctness, were most to be admired.

That is a tribute from the shrewdest of contemporary critics. But how are we to judge Brown to-day? All his landscapes have grown far beyond maturity, and old prints and drawings are always liable to consult too anxiously the draughtsman's own taste in composition. It is almost as difficult to think critically of Brown's rendering of Nature as of Garrick's interpretation of Shakespeare. However, we have his drawings; Miss Stroud has discovered some half-dozen which she reproduces, and very remarkable they are. There is one in particular, of Burton Constable, which conveys Brown's sensibility at once. Here are the famous belts and clumps and swards, the broken avenue and those serpentine curves which Mr. Hussey rather aptly relates to the spirit which prompted Hogarth to his "line of Beauty." Yet the design is intensely personal, with its nervously detached curves, its economy of means, its determination at all costs to avoid excess or constriction. Perhaps one could summarise Brown's treatment of a landscape by saying that he contrived to make it breathe, and the metaphor goes rather well with his own illuminating statement to Hannah More:

> "Now there," said he, pointing his finger, "I make a comma, and there . . . where a more decided turn is proper, I make a colon; at another part, where an interruption is desirable to break the view, a parenthesis; now a full stop, and then I begin another subject."

In short, Brown brought diction to landscape, and the "capabilities" he divined in the breathless chaos of nature were analogous to the rhythms of speech.

Even if we cannot, to-day, look at any of Brown's landscapes with the conviction that we see a work finished as he would have it, there is no question how very often the park landscapes we admire are due to him. The swelling curves of the lake at Blenheim, giving dramatic point to Vanbrugh's bridge, are his entirely; the enchanting view from Kew Gardens over to Sion was his creation, and it was he who stripped Longleat of avenues and parterres so that the jewel of Elizabethan architecture stands in a setting which seems, but is not, wholly nature's. While every amateur snapshotter who points his camera across the river to Chatsworth does so, though he knows it not, at Brown's behest.

With Capability's account-book to guide her, Miss Stroud has been able to record his activities, year by year, from 1760 onwards. She reveals him not only as a landscape-gardener but as an architect of ability who could design a Palladian house quite as well as most practitioners of the time and better than some. She makes a good case for attributing to him the charming little boathouse on the Thames at Sion, though she would probably not object to the suggestion that it might be a very early work of her other hero, and Brown's son-in-law, Henry Holland. It certainly has a look of Holland's Brighton Pavilion about it.

There is little material concerning Brown as a person, but what there is makes it clear that he was a straightforward and likeable man whose work was his life. Immensely successful, he took his place at the dinner-tables of the great and passed political gossip in the proper way, wrote himself Esquire, had a country seat of his own and sent his son to Eton, where, inevitably, they called him "Capey."

JOHN SUMMERSON

ANARCHISM AND UTOPIA

The Anarchist Prince. By GEORGE WOODCOCK and IVAN AVAKUMOVIC. *Boardman.* 21*s.*
Journey Through Utopia. By MARIE LOUISE BERNERI. *Routledge.* 16*s.*

Few of us in Britain take anarchism seriously to-day. It seems one of those political curiosities, suitable perhaps for a poet or a literary critic, which the practical man cannot afford in the Age of the Welfare State: when he thinks about it at all, he dismisses it as a tolerable eccentricity, along with pacifism, Social Credit, Scottish Nationalism and anything else that runs to a sidestreet bookshop and a weekly broadsheet. Seventy years back, when all our Socialist groups were in such a limbo, the anarchist star was brighter. The anarchists, for instance, were important enough for William Morris both to borrow from them and to wrestle with them. If they failed to prosper it was less from want of effort than from their inability to match the disciplined ideology of Marxism or the mass appeal of parliamentary Socialism.

This failing, of course, springs from the nature of anarchism, and nowhere can one see it more clearly than in the career of Peter Kropotkin who, with Proudhon and Bakunin, is one of the triumvirs of European anarchism. No one who studies his life can deny that he had a mind of the first rank; that his contributions to sociology and history were marked by insight and scholarship; or that he devoted himself ardently to his cause, spending his gifts in the familar routine of small meetings, struggling journals, the preparation of conferences and manifestos which appealed only to a narrow circle. Yet, one is tempted to ask, who has heard of Kropotkin? It was the Social-Democrats who gained the ear of workers struggling for a franchise which, the anarchists said, was a chimera. It was the social diagnosis of Marx, not Kropotkin, that appeared accurately to describe industrial capitalism. There always seems something pathetic about the anarchist agitation among the small craftsmen of the Jura or among Spanish workers but one remove from a peasant past. It could make headway only among groups for whom its emphasis upon the individual made a flickering protest against their extinction by the factory system. In this lay the nobility, but also the failure, of Kropotkin's political hopes.

If Kropotkin had sailed with the wind, and not against it, we should have had a long biography —several, maybe, for his life was rich enough —before this admirable and carefully documented work by Mr. Woodcock and Mr. Avaku-

movic. The story of the anarchist prince, indeed, is the stuff of fiction. Kropotkin's own description of his early life in Russia and of his growing disillusionment with the Tsarist regime ranks second only to Herzen's memoirs as a portrait of a liberal aristocrat in a decaying feudalism. The authors have done full justice to his geographical discoveries in Siberia as a young Tsarist officer, to the drama of his escape into exile, and to the years of agitation and scientific research which followed. It is easy to see how such a man should lose faith in the discipline of the State, for the State that he knew best was the most brutal tyranny of his day : all that he thought best in Russia was done in spite of or against the will of the State. Later persecution by the police elsewhere, including his imprisonment in France, only confirmed his opinions. By the time he settled in Britain, not only to be left in peace but actually to become an honoured exile, he had elaborated his emotional reaction against government into a rounded anarchist philosophy, bolstered by careful historical study. He had scoured the animal and human worlds for evidence of co-operation to refute the social Darwinism he detested, and produced the classic *Mutual Aid*. There are no better statements of the ultimate anarchist position than his, and those who neglect them because anarchism seems a hopeless political cause are neglecting a treasure house of ideas and analysis.

The authors have done well to remind us of all this in a book which emphasises Kropotkin's warm human qualities as much as the brilliance of his mind. But, as anarchists, they have been unable to give us the detached criticism that Kropotkin's career requires. True, they are tolerantly critical of his break with most of his old comrades in 1914, when his long-standing dislike of Prussianism led him to support the Allies. But this was an internal anarchist affair. They are too close to anarchist doctrine to stand back and ask why anarchism lost the auction for proletarian votes. Yet the answer is there in the record of Kropotkin. And it is this failure that makes him a tragic if heroic figure, much more than the disappointments of the lonely old man at Dmitrov, after he had returned to Russia in 1917 and found that the revolution which he had awaited so long was repugnant to him.

Mr. Woodcock and Mr. Avakumovic have dedicated this account of a utopian journey to "a true disciple of Kropotkin," the late Marie Louise Berneri. Miss Berneri's own book is a survey of the great "utopias," from Plato's *Republic* to Morris and Wells. It started as a project for an anthology of utopian writing, and its form still bears the marks of its origin, though Miss Berneri has added some commentary of her own. Each of the books chosen is summarised, but most of the authors are permitted to present the crux of their story in their own words. So far as it goes, Miss Berneri's comment is stimulating. But I should have liked to see her develop at greater length her anarchist critique of the utopian tradition, for it is true, as she says, that the "assumption that laws are the best guardians of freedom is at the basis of nearly all utopias," and that the Road to Utopia to-day looks remarkably like the Road to 1984. Morris, of course, most easily escapes this accusation, but then Morris is one of the few utopian writers who virtually ignores the institutions of the new society in order to paint an idyllic picture of the happiness of its citizens. Unlike the majority, he does not bother with the elaborate State machine which the utopians usually devised to force men to be prosperous and happy. One can do worse these days than to take such a journey as Miss Berneri-devises, with herself as guide. It helps one to understand why the bureaucratic State is not Socialism, and what we must do if we prefer *Nowhere* to *1984* as a destination. The journey itself, one must add, by way of *The City of the Sun*, the *New Atlantis*, St. George's Hill, *Icaria* and *Freeland*, is both diverting and instructive.

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THE BODLEY HEAD

NEW NOVELS

That Which Was Lost and **The Dark Angels.** By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Broken Canes. By PETER VANSITTART. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Spaces of the Dark. By NICHOLAS MOSLEY. *Hart-Davis.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Finistère. By FRITZ PETERS. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Two more of Mauriac's novels—*That Which Was Lost* (1930) and *The Dark Angels* (1936)—have now appeared admirably translated by J. H. F. McEwen. and Gerard Hopkins respectively. Though the books are connected in so far that two major characters appear in both, they have been conceived very differently. The method of the first, which is set in Paris, is psychological and unatmospheric ; the second is a rich slice of that seamy provincial life which is Mauriac's unique contribution to literature.

Though he is in the great moralist tradition, Mauriac draws his strength from a variety of influences. In *That Which Was Lost* he is in his classicist vein ; occupied with a progressive tragedy he is bent on keeping description and ambience down to the bare essentials. Once again, we find ourselves regarding the nauseous recesses of the human heart. The story concerns the *déréglement de coeur* of two married couples with the attendant figures of a young man and an old woman acting both as chorus and agent to the central disaster. The doomed quartette consists of Marcel, rich, middle-aged, a disillusioned sensualist, his young wife Tota, his former mistress Irène and her husband, Hervé. The first three are souls to be fought over, creatures still capable of grace. Hervé (like Lebel in *L'Asmodée*, this is one of Mauriac's unforgettable portraits), is a creature of darkness. In him, *schadenfreude* has become magnified into a diabolic obsession :

> A vague suspicion assailed Hervé that he might be letting himself in for a rebuff but the demon of curiosity was irresistible, and to it, as to his passion for the catastrophic in life, he surrendered. Such an evil inquisitiveness as he had hidden away as it were in a dark corner of his being, which came to light only when impelled by such occasions as this. And he who believed himself to be good-natured, whose heart was easily touched, and who possessed the gift of facile tears, preserved from childhood, sought still to avert his eyes from the ugly fact of this overmastering passion for the misfortunes of others.

Hervé's character would seem to have been so completely drawn at the outset as to leave no room for development. Yet, although this novel is only 160 pages long, Mauriac shows us the evil in the man's nature spreading like a liquid stain over the lives of his companions. The action proceeds inevitably to a series of disastrous conclusions and dies away in a tangle of broken lives. By the end of the book, Irène is dead, Tota's marriage is about to break up and Alain, her brother, is on the point of becoming a priest.

Though no writer could be less of a sentimentalist, this novel contains an unusual amount of those spiritual asides which Mauriac (here showing a surprising affinity with Thackeray and the Victorians), loves to address to the reader. Personally, I find this insistence on pointing the moral annoying, especially when practised by a great writer capable of leaving his conclusions implicit in the narrative itself. In the middle of a brilliant scene between Hervé and his mother, written by Mauriac the Novelist, it is infuriating to have Mauriac the Preacher—one pictures him as a young seminarist with a shaven head, reeking of carbolic and incense—whispering unctuously in one's ear that "even in the lowest of men there remains always a residue of purity, provided there is a mother to draw it out." Similarly, when Tota is distraught with misery at Marcel's suggestion that she has an incestuous feeling for Alain, the spiritual director obtrudes with the pious sarcasm, "How odd is that inescapable urge to prove to ourselves that nightmares do not nor ever have existed !"

Tota and Alain reappear in *The Dark Angels*, a spiritual melodrama revolving round one of those internecine family feuds endemic to the Gironde of fiction. The book contains much powerful writing and a considerable piece of characterisation in the person of Gradère, the seminary-trained rake who murders his ex-lover. If this book is not as memorable as its predecessor, the soughing of the pines, the rain pattering on the lonely farmstead roofs and the general flavour of corruption tell us that we are back in the heart of the Mauriac country.

The setting of *Broken Canes* is a co-educational school in the Thirties, as seen through the eyes of one of those formal, melancholy Candides whom writers of the period always selected as the hero of any disconcerting experience. At the outset, Mr. Vansittart's theme and style seem intensely derivative. The staff of Wilderness School includes a seedy, inverted Colonel (Isherwood), a windswept Highbrow in corduroys (Rose Macaulay) and a headmaster's wife who sits in her green drawing-room "waiting through mysterious summers for what never now came." A matriarch *manquée*, Mrs. Coates buys her neuroses wholesale from Woolf, Bowen and Lehmann. Save for her, the book looks like turning into an amusing but hackneyed farce. Indeed, to begin with, this is just what it is :

> . . . the Headmaster seemed to hesitate. Then from below came wild cries and laughter and shrill protests followed by the crash of broken glass . . . .
>
> Turning back again to Frederic he said with resounding enthusiasm, "We'll discuss your lessons presently. I like to play around with a bit of biology myself."

Gradually, as verbal slickness blooms into genuine comedy, the pattern of the school begins to take shape :

> Mr. Coates appeared and clambered on the stage. He was still in shorts with thick dark-green jacket and stockings.
>
> "Shut up," he shouted genially and to Frederic's surprise the uproar subsided. A dog which began to snuffle was hurried out.

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The Headmaster stood before them holding a small black book. He resembled a successful coster in love with his own honesty and proud of his wares. And to Frederic his dark-green outfit suggested something of a stout, ducal huntsman.

"Today's poem," Mr. Coates announced authoritatively, "is a very ancient Chinese lyric. Try and listen and if you don't like it then, for Christ's sake, all the same do try and keep quiet. Ready."

Parts of this book—the magistrates' inquiry into the school's methods and the account of the football match played between Wilderness and the local smart "prep"—are uproariously funny. Despite his gift for satire, the author has succeeded in rendering the atmosphere of such a school from "the inside." At the end, we are left feeling that with all its period quirks and crankinesses—the tyrannous children's committee, the constant collections for the League of Nations, the smoking, oaths and promiscuous bathing—Wilderness really was part of the liberal search for the good life. This reaction is largely due to Mr. Vansittart's having placed his establishment in a definite historical context. Though the underlying emotion is borrowed from Auden and the Thirties poets, he deftly suggests the background to Mr. Coates's experiment, the shadows lengthening on the lawn and "the deck chairs being brought in from the garden." One knows that schools like Wilderness will never exist in quite the same way again, that, as a theory of education, such pure, unadulterated idealism is as dead as Dr. Keate's flogging-block, having vanished with the International Brigade and the imprisonment of Gandhi. Because of this, and of his talent for natural description, Mr. Vansittart's book is more than just a shapely comedy. Rather, it is a nostalgic extravaganza, a rough Godwinian eclogue set in an Arcadia of stucco and long grass.

Spaces of the Dark is a sincere attempt to reproduce the disillusionment of the returning soldier. Though the wartime chapters are better written than the rest of the book, Mr. Mosley's characters, whether self-conscious "Bohemians" off King's Road, Chelsea, or members of a "nice" family in South Street, remain frozen in their several poses and never really warm to life. His hero, who carries a friend's death on his conscience, remains a muddled exhibitionist, a younger, slightly better-mannered public school version of Hemingway's Colonel:

> "... at times people are the deadest things in the world ... and people go bust on you too," he added, his voice changing, "You think they are alive and then you reach for them and they are dead on you, and you are left grinning into the eyes of a corpse. Sorry"—he added, the waves all around him now, dark churning ones that got inside him and took his strength ....

Though this book is written in a variety of different manners (on page 201 there is an attempt to reproduce the technique that M.Sartre made notorious in *The Reprieve*), the l.c.f. of Mr. Mosley's style is a maddening pedestrian irrelevance:

> He got off the bus at the terminus, and walked over to the entrance of the Underground station, which lay like a bright square cave in the side of the street. He avoided the queue at the booking office and bought a ticket in the nearest slot machine he could find. A train was waiting. He got in and sat down and looked round him ... More people entered the carriage. The doors closed. The train started with a jerk .....

This kind of stereotyped sub-conscious padding (presumably derived from the film scenario) is becoming more and more a feature of a certain kind of English novel. Until he is really clear about what he wants to say and takes far less time saying it, Mr. Mosley will remain a novelist of good intentions only.

Though it is a much better book than *Spaces of the Night*, *Finistère* also suffers from being considerably over-written. Beginning as a study of an American boy's reaction to his parent's divorce, the book dives suddenly into the maelstrom of adolescence. The characters are well-observed but the atmosphere is sketchy and unconvincing and the writing never rises to the level of the tragedy. What should have been a *conte* of the length and texture of *Death in Venice* or James's *The Pupil* becomes, in Mr. Peters's hands, an enlightened serial in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

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TALE OF TWO CITIES

Pompeii and Herculaneum. By EGON CAESAR, CONTE CORTI. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

When he first visited the Bay of Naples as a tourist, Count Corti could find no history of Pompeii and Herculaneum that was both popular and comprehensive. The book which he wrote to fill this gap was successfully published in Germany at the beginning of the war, and now appears in a rather stiff English translation. The author makes no claim to possess a profound scholarly knowledge of the subject, but he is an experienced historical writer, and he has been helped in his study by Professor Maiuri, the greatest archæological authority on the two cities.

Goethe spent a day of disappointment, melancholy and delight at Pompeii, and after his conflicting emotions had been happily fused by *Lacrima Christi* and reflection, he was able to conclude "There has been much evil in the world, but very little that has given so much delight to posterity. I cannot easily think of anything more interesting." It is this compelling interest which redeems Count Corti's book. It is old-fashioned in a slightly pejorative sense, it is very repetitive and perhaps too full of Neapolitan political and dynastic affairs—and yet remains thoroughly enjoyable.

The narrative falls into three parts, and one can hardly fail to accept their symbolism of growth, destruction and resurrection. First the little Greek colonies are step by step transformed into wealthy Roman towns, resorts where well-to-do men from Rome went for rest or retirement. Then, after the warning of the destructive earthquake of A.D.63 had been largely ignored, there followed the grim events of A.D.79 when Herculaneum was blotted out below a vast sea of mud, while Pompeii was smothered by drifting pumice dust and little stones, probably accompanied by poisonous fumes. It was a perverse trick of fate that because the threat to Herculaneum was much more catastrophic nearly all the inhabitants fled instantly and escaped, while at Pompeii they stayed to rescue possessions or shelter in cellars and so perished in thousands. The elder Pliny was four miles away at Stabiae when he died from suffocation.

Some survivors from Pompeii returned to grub up their treasures, but Herculaneum was sealed by the mud which rapidly petrified. Soon both places lapsed into oblivion. Vesuvius, which had been dormant during the Middle Ages, again became active during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when on many occasions the terrified citizens of Naples carried the blood of St. Januarius through the streets in the hope of protection from the belching, flaming mountain. These dangers probably delayed the exploration of the buried cities, but in the early eighteenth century it began, and thereafter followed an erratic course controlled by the stormy political history of the Neapolitan kingdom. Spanish, Austrian and French monarchs made a private sport of the search for works of art—much as at this time Englishmen were plundering the humbler antiquities on their estates. In the task of resurrection the Queen Consorts often played a far more active part than their husbands; among them Carolina Murat, Napoleon's sister, took a passionate and very practical interest in the diggings. In the later nineteenth century excavation became more scientific and therefore slower; Count Corti was happy to leave it under the wing of Mussolini, "the patron of all classical treasures in his beautiful land."

Pompeii and Herculaneum would always be able to fascinate by the unrivalled completeness of the buildings with their lively minor art, by relics of identifiable families and individuals, and by the intimate details they can show of the everyday lives of all the citizens. It is fascinating to see posters on the walls, private scribblings and caricatures—and erotic paintings in bedrooms and brothels for those with the courage of their interests. Yet surely their power to attract is heightened by two special conditions. Everyone with experience of archæological excavation knows that it is always the arrested action, the sense of momentariness, that has the strongest emotional impact, and here we have that quality at its highest. Mid-day of August 24th A.D.79 lies fossilized in these cities, that moment of time is recaptured as each street and gateway, each room, is cleared and made to betray its touching or horrifying secrets. The second condition is the heightening of tragedy caused by the spectacle of death and agony against a background of gaiety and happiness. Count Corti succeeds in conveying this, and his photographs support him. In these two resorts, where luxury was given an exquisite natural setting, the pagan ideal seems to have been fulfilled: hedonism to have resulted in the enjoyment of life. Goethe said of Pompeii "the town still reveals a delight in art ... such as even the keenest people to-day have no idea, or feeling or need of." Paintings, inscriptions, personal messages show a society devoted to love and all sensuous pleasures. Yet among the scenes of their joys the bodies of men, women and children can be found in all the roundness of the flesh, lying where they died. No wonder that these excavations have "given so much delight to posterity" or that Pompeii has become a nursery word!

Nearly half Pompeii and the greater part of Herculaneum still lie waiting under the dust and mud. One longs to know what further news of A.D.79 is forthcoming. Nowadays the cost of discovery is prodigious.

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Literature and Psychology. By F. L. LUCAS. *Cassell.* 15*s.*

Psychoanalysis has revealed to Mr. Lucas that truth is as strange as fiction, and he begins by documenting this proposition out of Freud, Stekel and others. Does Iago appear a bit steep? Here is a sufferer so jealous of his male fellow-patients that he stalks the psychiatrist for weeks with a loaded revolver. Is Edmund implausibly unfilial? Listen to this horrid parricide perpetrated upon a Viennese dentist. Is the breach between Cordelia and her father a theatrical fudge? By no means; Dr. Paunez of New York has coined for such situations in real life the term "Lear-complex."

Nor is it merely the personages in plays and novels who can be illuminated by reading case-histories. It is the writers too. Stekel gives an account of a lady who composed poetry—but only with the tip of her tongue on the inside of her mouth in shorthand; is there not something to be learnt about much modern verse from this? Or consider the case of a man with a passion for men with swollen faces, who haunted hospitals and dental clinics in search of objects of ecstatic contemplation. Might he not, but for the grace of God, have become a prolific modern painter?

This last unfortunate illustrates Mr. Lucas's next theme: the relativity of taste. Plain psychology tells us that a poem (as distinct from so many black marks on paper) can exist only as the result of a collaboration between poet and reader; depth psychology tells us correspondingly that individuals are amazingly diverse in what they desire and esteem; we need not then be surprised at the most fantastic disparities between even trained and seasoned critical judgments. Mr. Lucas is prodigal of citation here. "Bother the NEW STATESMAN, and the *Odyssey*, and all manufactured writing!" This curious ejaculation by T. E. Lawrence is shown to be easily matched. Shelley found Michael Angelo's paintings in the Sistine Chapel deficient in majesty, Horace Walpole likened Dante to a Methodist parson in Bedlam, Swinburne called Euripides a mutilated monkey. We might add that Mr. Lucas himself once characterised Mr. T. S. Eliot as a drunken Helot—a phrase which, with a more general application, he echoes twice in the present book. People do constantly make judgments which others find wildly aberrant. Sometimes—as with Ronsard, or Jane Austen—it is possible to put together a string of appraisals so absurdly conflicting as to be—well, invaluable when composing for Cambridge undergraduates lectures as entertaining as Mr. Lucas's.

What is the conclusion? In the first place, that much aesthetic controversy was well characterised by the late Frank Ramsey when he said: "It seems to me like one person saying 'I walked to Grantchester this afternoon' and another shouting 'No, I did *not*!'" It is futile, Mr. Lucas thinks, to argue about the pleasures of literature. But there is a good deal that can confidently be asserted about its influences. Every man is his own judge of the food he likes. But on the effects of that food upon health authority has a voice.

And so Mr. Lucas comes to what, beneath much liveliness and much erudition, is his basic concern: the morality of art. After a further bow to the analysts (who have discovered, it appears, that works of imagination can be potent for good or ill) he launches into an examination of that theory of the autonomy of art which was so significant a creation of the nineteenth century. Broadly speaking, he believes that literature and the arts ought to conduce to edification. But he accepts a relativism in the moral as well as the aesthetic sphere. A morality is a traditional pattern of behaviour. If we had grown up to believe it laudable to eat one another there would be no more to be said—or only this, that the practice is conceivably unhygienic. It all comes back to *health*. Mental health is the sovereign good. "Art for art's sake," and writers like Baudelaire, Huysmans and Joyce, are to be deplored as encouraging not a resolution of neurotic conflict but luxuriance in it.

While concluding that ethics and aesthetics cannot be kept apart and that art has the duty of encouraging us in some directions rather than others, Mr. Lucas sees no sanction beyond this of the freely and harmoniously functioning psyche. Challenged in the course of his lectures by three members of Girton College to say why we should not contravene the moral ordinances of society when the fancy takes us, he replies that the man who thus defies society defies something in his own nature. Within us are the voices of the dead. If society does not punish our transgression we are likely to set about ingeniously punishing it ourselves. Hence that "poetic justice" which closes *Hedda Gabler* and *Rosmersholm*, and which the case-histories of the psychiatrists illustrate again and again.

Mr. Lucas has not, perhaps, added very much to our understanding of the bearing of psychoanalysis upon literature and literary criticism. Both Mr. C. S. Lewis and Mr. Lionel Trilling have achieved greater penetration in less space. Mr. Lucas needs space; he is at his best when ranging confidently over classical, French and English literature in felicitious illustration of his faiths and prejudices. Both in the world at large and in Cambridge he sees a good deal that is disheartening. "I find it a little strange," he writes, "and saddening, that nine out of ten examination candidates, when asked to write an 'appreciation' of a poem, seem to assume that what is wanted, to show their mettle, is a depreciation." From the critical attitude behind this tendency—acute and earnest but sterile and Alexandrine—Mr. Lucas is widely sundered. His work is stimulating because quite as full of relish as of distastes. Elysium is crowded with his friends and enemies, and he is equally direct with them and with ourselves. This makes him a persuasive writer. For that criticism will always be the most attractive in which there is heard a man speaking to men—or, for that matter, to the ladies of Girton.

J. I. M. STEWART

COMIC AND BUFFOON

W. C. Fields. By ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR. *Cassell.* 16*s.*

There was something deliciously exhilarating about the strange rasping buoyant personality of W. C. Fields. The mood he engendered was one of constant elation, like that which you find in text-book cases of hypomania. It, or something very like it, is part of the picaresque tradition, traceable all the way from Lazarillo de Tormes to Groucho Marx. But Groucho, for all his electrical crackle, is a synthetic figure; Fields, as Mr. Taylor points out in this oddly infectious biography, was a natural one. Despite his preoccupation with technique, his behaviour off the stage was often indistinguishable from his behaviour on it; his *persona* seldom varied.

Fields's life was picaresque in the extreme. The son of an English immigrant named Dukinfield, who settled in Philadelphia, he ran away from home at the age of nine and lived like a tramp. His ambition was to be a juggler. He kept on practising until his shins were bleeding and tears streaming down his face. He did his turn anywhere, in the street, in a freak museum, on the beach at Atlantic City, until he had perfected his masterpiece, "a trick of juggling twenty-five cigar boxes, end on end, with a little rubber ball on top." To this was added a comic billiards act in tramp's costume, heavily bearded. By 1896 his hardships were over and he was beginning to top the bill in vaudeville. A grand European tour followed. In London he performed before Edward VII at a Buckingham Palace Garden Party, sharing the honours with Sarah Bernhardt and being bitten in the calves by a maharajah's mastiff. In Paris he appeared on the same bill—a good deal higher up—as Chaplin and Chevalier.

He blossomed out as a straight comedian in the early jazz period, during and just after the first world war, appearing with enormous success in revue and musical comedy. In 1931 he migrated to Hollywood and made a number of shorts for Mack Sennett before embarking on his last great cycle of comedies by which most people remember him.

Mr. Taylor sets out, like several recent American biographers, to write an enlarged profile of his subject. He aims to present Fields as a timeless legendary figure, a living comic myth whose past, present and future are fused in a glowing haze. Here and there he is too facetious. He is rather inclined to romanticise "craziness" and "regardlessness," just as others romanticise toughness. And we could have done with a less sentimental, more clinical approach to Fields' phenomenal alcoholism (his average daily consumption in his later years was two quarts of gin a day). But these are minor criticisms. This is an exceptionally funny book, and Mr. Taylor succeeds in giving us a really vivid re-creation of this extraordinary buffoon by means of innumerable

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anecdotes. Fields chased by a lion. Fields hocussing Baby Leroy's bottle on the set. Fields afloat, lying in wait for swans, of which he had a strong phobia. . . . His habit of immobilising his dwarf stooge by appropriating his false teeth; of changing his mistress every seven years; his abhorrence of children; his politeness to women. . . . In the end we accept, despite all that rogue-elephant aggression, his singular kindness and amiability.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

DISCREET CELTOMANIA

A Celtic Miscellany. Translations by KENNETH HURLSTONE JACKSON. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

Professor Jackson holds the chair of Celtic studies at Edinburgh. Himself an Englishman, he placed Welsh scholars in his debt by the publication in 1935 of two small volumes, *Early Welsh Gnomic Poetry* and *Studies in Early Celtic Nature Poetry*. The present work is an opulent volume of prose translations from both the Welsh and the Irish and their satellite languages, Cornish and Breton, Manx and the Gaelic of western Scotland. Many of the pieces translated are short poems or abridgements of such longer poems as the near-epic *Y Gododdin* or the "hall of Cynddylan" stanzas from ninth-century mid-Wales of which there are brief and disconcerting glimpses in the works of Mrs. Hemans and William Barnes. Irish prose epic, notably the *Táin Bó Cuailnge*, is well represented, and there are extracts from the *Mabinogion* and the laws of Hywel Dda.

Delightful as they are in themselves, it is these last which awaken one's discontentment. To say that it is too miscellaneous may be thought inadmissible criticism of a book which proclaims itself a miscellany. Yet there is a limit beyond which a scholar ought not merely to indulge his personal tastes, and I do in fact complain of this book not only for being a miscellany but also for being a pan-Celtic miscellany. The distinguished product of a sensitive mind, its contents are of interest to anybody who does not suffer from that worst variety of provincialism, the metropolitan. I nevertheless consider it misconceived and likely to prolong the life of existing misconceptions.

What Irish writings may be in especial need of translation, re-translation or mere reprinting, I do not know. On the whole, the Gael has enjoyed more of a cult in England than the Brython, and admirable versions of Irish poems by, for instance, Frank O'Connor are current, but it does appear that the early literature was a good deal more extensive in Ireland than in Wales. Of the nevertheless considerable treasure of Welsh heroic and medieval literature, the Thomas and Gwyn Jones *Mabinogion* is the one thing generally available. There is a sufficient translation of the laws of Hywel Dda in A. W. Wade-Evans's bi-lingual edition, though it is out of print. For a monoglot Englishman to scrape together any knowledge of the rest, he must comb the London Library and the proceedings of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion. Professor Jackson gives us tantalising (and, to the wholly uninformed, I would say misleading) glimpses of Dafydd ap Gwilym, the figurative "Llywarch Hên," one or two of the princely bards and *Y Gododdin*, any of which might have provided him with a real job of work and us with something to get our teeth into, and mixes them in, under such rubrics as "Hero Tale and Adventure," "Love," "'Celtic Magic'" (*his* inverted commas), "Humour and Satire" and "Elegy," with material nearly all enchanting in itself but of a dubious or trivial relevance. It would not matter if publishers were generally willing to lay out their money on these matters or if there were many and productive scholars able to do what Professor Jackson is so well-equipped for doing.

But why go on lumping together at all the Welsh and the Irish, who do not understand each other's languages, who have had less historical contact with each other than either with the English, and whose barbaric aristocracies have long ago disappeared, so that ethnologically neither is more Celtic than anybody else in these islands? What little the two literatures have in common seems to be due wholly to the circumstances of Irish having been settled on the Welsh coast at the time of the departure of the Romans and of one or two Welsh princes having gone into exile at Irish courts during the twelfth century. If you take from the two literatures passages on similar themes and translate them in a prose of the same accent, you get close resemblances. You would get them, too, with passages from the sagas or the *Nibelungenlied*. Critics, convinced that anything mysterious or exuberant is Celtic, have fancied they detected the finger of the Celt in *Beowulf* and the *Eddas*. But to Chaucer's great contemporary, Dafydd ap Gwilym, the only parallels are in the *langue d'oc*, and there is evidently nothing in Irish like the Llywarch Hên cycle or the two varieties of popular and learned epigram.

Celtic unity is a myth to which a chair of Celtic studies must incline its occupant. The academic system has constituted it his subject. It is an awkward subject, as if one had a chair of combined French and Spanish, with Catalan, Provençal and Old Illyrian thrown in. In Victorian times, an advance was marked when, largely as a result of the lectures Matthew Arnold gave after a holiday at Llandudno, a chair of Celtic studies was set up at Oxford, though even then Lord Strangford saw the danger, that we should have either "the eldest, most influential or most pushing Jones on the books of Jesus" or "John Brown the gillie." It happened that the chair was first occupied by Sir John Rhys, a pupil of Arnold's and a very distinguished scholar indeed, though prone to sun-gods. Shortly afterwards, a more important event took place, in that the first of the university colleges of Wales was founded at Aberystwyth. Since then, serious studies in the Celtic languages (not much closer to each other than either is to Latin, all rest being an archaeologist's dream) have been conducted separately. Yet chairs of mixed Celtic studies continue. Whether Celt-Iberian and foolish Galatian enter into the curriculum, I do not know. It would not be surprising if Professor Jackson were expected to know proto-Pictish, as English students, under the persuasion that Anglo-Saxon is English (wished on us by the Germans, also in Victorian times), are expected to know Icelandic, Old Norse and O. H. G., but not Welsh. Because of this awkwardness, a man of Professor Jackson's sensibilities ought to insist on the dividedness of his theme, not interleave all that delights him in such a way as to encourage the organisers of Celtic congresses at Truro and asses from the National Museum of Ireland who talk largely about the Celtic nation and its world role, to say nothing of psychopathic lithophiles and other all-too-Germanic MacBlimps.

This said and apart from his oddly ill-written preface and the lack of an author index, what Professor Jackson has done can only be admired. Here, you could say with equal justice, are two books for the price of one, a primer of Irish and a primer of Welsh verse and prose, with a few delicate Breton, Cornish, Manx and Scottish Gaelic *trouvailles* into the bargain. Prose translation gives us nothing of the consonantal glitter of late bardic and post-bardic poetry, but here at last the heart of Heledd may break without the encumbrance of Mrs. Hemans's corsets, the battle of Tal Moelfre be fought without Gray's, in itself warming, thumpity-thump and one poem by Goronwy Owen appear in a version which almost for the first time makes it seem possible that Gronow was as fine a poet as the Welsh say he was. On the Irish side of the matter, I am not competent to judge how representative Professor Jackson's selection is or what may be his notable omissions, though here is a good deal with which the poets of the Celtic twilight familiarised us, now looking rather more of the early morning and very much the better for it.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

FUNNY, PECULIAR OR HA-HA

Man in the Shower. By PETER ARNO. *Robert Hale* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Especially Father. By GLADYS TABER. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Fourth Leaders from The Times. *The Times Publishing Co.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Oddly Enough. By PAUL JENNINGS. *Reinhardt & Evans.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Viewed with a cold eye, Peter Arno's humour has some resemblance to seaside postcard art; jokes about broad behinds and protuberant bosoms are well to the fore. But translated to the glossy Manhattan world in which Arno's transatlantic characters have their being—elderly tycoons with secretaries on the expense account, and dowagers cavorting in the Stork Club—they lose that particular patina of vulgarity even if they acquire another.

If Thurber is the prophet of the Sex-War, Arno is the harbinger of the Sex-Peace. That is not to say that struggle does not still go on, but the protagonists are in fundamental accord, and the fight takes place on an entirely pleasurable level. "But where is all this leading us to, Mr. Hartman—Miami? Palm Beach? Hollywood?". But other and more complicated influences are invading the Arno world. Sad-eyed garbage men look pensively at a discarded hour-glass corset—"An' her hair was so long she could sit on it"; interlocked wrestlers murmur to one another, "It's 'Evening in Paris'"; and disturbed clubmen inquire, "In case of an air-raid, Billings, what will be done about *us*?".

The second American offering, *Especially Father*, is concerned—concerned in fact to the exclusion of all else—with Gladys Taber's male parent. Father's claim to fame and his particular eccentricity was his never-failing energy, and his complete inability to recognise, rather than his mere disregard of, anyone else's point of view. Father starts as the son of a New England farmer and, charging through life, ends up as a Mid-

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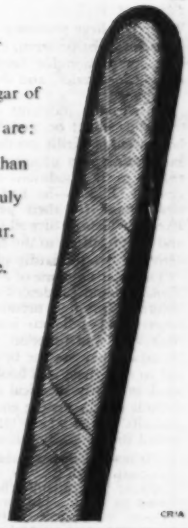

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Western college professor (merciless rows with the Trustees). In between, come disasters in rowing boats, a passion for landscape-gardening, silver mining in Mexico, and the many humiliations of Mamma.

Perhaps the incidents in the story are not all that they might be, and Miss Taber's attitude to her parent is a trifle too dewy-eyed and indulgent, but Father is a genuine comic character, since, thanks to the conditions of his time—turn of the century, U.S.A.—he had what all "characters" need, room for their personalities to burgeon. Even Sir George Sitwell removed from Renishaw and Montegufoni to the status of a mid-Victorian scrivener, would hardly prove interesting.

This year's volume of *Fourth Leaders from The Times* should be described as "The mixture as before." Infinitely urbane, with carefully bridled fantasy and judicious jokes, they are perfect of their kind and function. Read one at a time at breakfast they are the best of morning anodynes, but to read them as a book is like eating a lengthy meal of nearly identical dishes Soothingly, they exclude the distressing and unfamiliar. The leisure pursuits of the writer (and the reader) are suggested thus:

> It may be that we wish to compose a poem, or to catch a fish . . . or to rehearse a few well or anyhow very carefully chosen words . . . ; we may want to watch a bird or to have a nap after luncheon; we may even (though this is not very probable) want to think.

Oddly Enough is a reprint of writings by Paul Jennings that have been collected from various sources; and it was well worth doing. This is a most entertaining book and the wit is vigorous enough to sustain and develop each idea to its conclusion, besides providing twists and diversions on the way. Metaphor and description are controlled but not inhibited:

> One imagines . . . the hose buried in the sludge . . . drawing it up . . . with a horrid sucking noise, forcing it like some lewd toothpaste into a sludge pond.

To be noticed in passing are Mr. Jennings's appreciation of suburbs on a Saturday afternoon, esoteric Gas Cos., elderly cars and the fearful ambivalent predicament of a tram that is driven from both ends simultaneously, but the *pièce de résistance* is his "Report on Resistentialism." The philosophy of Resistentialism's inventor, Pierre-Marie Ventre, *Les choses sont contre nous*, or "Why the toast always falls marmalade-side downwards", is summed up in a play, *Puits Clos*. This is a triumph of the art of "debunking": and Haro Hodson is to be congratulated on his illustrations.

ROBERT ARMSTRONG

Uncollected Poems of James Russell Lowell. Edited by THELMA M. SMITH. *Pennsylvania University Press: Cumberlege*. 40*s*.

The Lowell family's heraldic device is a dexter hand couped at the wrist, grasping three pointless darts. J. R. Lowell, as quick as the next man to contrive a joke, thought that the darts were really crossbow bolts, "with very formidable points to them, as I trust those of the family will always have." But, however appropriate his amendment in the case of Amy or, more recently, Robert Lowell, after reading this competently edited volume one is all the more convinced that J. R. himself is lacking in penetrative power. It should be said that these poems were omitted by Lowell from his Collected Edition. Yet they are not greatly inferior; to study them is to experience the same sense of disappointment, at work which comes so near the target, but almost always just misses or bounces off it. His light verse is good humoured but not quite witty enough; his serious poems are good-mannered and sincere but too low in pressure: one tires of waiting for each kettle to boil. Bothered like other American contemporaries by the need for a native idiom, Lowell never resolved the problem: he wavered between robustness and delicacy without often achieving either quality. Perhaps Miss Smith's edition deserves a place on the shelf next to *Leaves of Grass;* for here is the kind of literature against which Whitman preached his life-long sermon.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,095

Set by Naomi Lewis

Prizes are offered for a critical report by Matthew Arnold, H.M. Inspector of Schools, on a lesson given by one of the following ushers: Johnson (at Market Bosworth); Goldsmith (Peckham); Carlyle (Annan and Kirkcaldy); Emily Brontë (Law Hill); H. G. Wells (Midhurst); Verlaine (Bournemouth); D. H. Lawrence (Croydon); limit 200 words, entries by February 27.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,092

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The other night Scotland Yard, in a statement denying that they had sought the assistance of a Dutch clairvoyant in tracing the stolen coronation stone, added: "He is only one of many telepathists, clairvoyants, water diviners, etc., who have offered us information." The usual prizes are offered for a letter (200 words) from a telepathist, clairvoyant, water diviner or etcetera, placing his suggestions before Scotland Yard.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

This competition produced a splendid crop of native dotties, such as would no doubt have delighted the heart of Mr. Laurie Lee. Nor were etceteras from abroad hesitant to offer their help. Mr. Bertzen of Copenhagen claimed to be a Danish *scientific* water-voyant and rockfinder, and adds as a rather dubious self-recommendation that his skill is shown by the fact that in Denmark there are no rocks. I liked, too, Mr. Colin Shaw, who examined the entrails of seventeen cows and gave us the results in Gallup Poll form, thus:

Know where the stone is—65 per cent.
Know where the stone might be—25 per cent.
Don't know—10 per cent.

Other appallingly helpful suggestions came from Isobel Cumming, W. F. Owtram, H.M., W. Parkinson, Pauline Willis, J. R. Till. A guinea to each of the six printed below, which will give a cross-section of the variety of the answers.

Dear Sir,

Cause your minions cease their fruitless efforts. I SEE the Stone. I SEE it from here in my cottage in Kent, hard by Deal. The picture is blurred. But I tell you this. IT lies within a *segment*. A segment bounded by the line of longitude running *through* my house, a line running from it and at an angle of 47 degrees to it, and an arc to which the 50th parallel *forms a tangent*.

I have HEARD the conspirators. They talk of moving IT again. IT is in a place which is damp (in cold weather). IT is treated reverently. IT is above sea level *at this moment*. But instead of LOVE it is surrounded by HATE. This will guide me to the EXACT spot.

Send a car and a plain-clothes man. BID him obey me in ALL things. We shall speedily recover IT. YOU may take most of the credit, I need but a little.

Yours earnestly, Bardolph Loyola.

L. G. UDALL

Sir,

The false trails you followed! Hidden in SOHO (SHOO!). Buried in a grave at SLOUGH (the GHOULS!). At BARNET (BANTER!). At LEWISHAM (LIMEWASH!).

The STONE misled you at the ONSET! The TONES of Westminster's bells muffled its exit. St. NEOTS on the Great North Road is the next clue. Then consider the Scotch name SETON . . . Enough! An agreed sum in NOTES will continue our help and elucidate the revealing anagrams of 'Coronation.'

Who discovered the CARTHORSE in the ORCHESTRA; the GARDENIA in the DRAINAGE; the TREASON in the SENATOR?

You have been WARNED!

Andrew Wander,
(WARDEN, Anagrammatist's Society).

A. C. SIMMONS

The mystery will never be solved without knowledge of the true history of the Stone. After the publication of the First Folio falsely attributed to the Stratfordian the holograph manuscripts of the plays were reverently deposited in a hollow of the Stone by the devoted friends of the true author and three rings were attached (one of these was subsequently stolen by the Boy Jones). Now, purloined by the followers of the man Shagsper, the Stone has been hidden in the miserable Warwickshire olde-worlderie lest the long-awaited truth burst upon a world ill-prepared to receive it.

Mathematical proof may be obtained by dividing 1623 by the mystical number 287—remainder 188, typifying Bacon's extraordinary prophetical as well as historical genius. It was in 1588 that the Armada was wrecked—but it will be noted the figure five is missing from the number. Here the Great Thinker looked forward to the days of Railways and Broadcasting for was not 5 the symbol of both Train and Funf!!! Return to the Stone. Follow the clue of the Three Rings. Dial 999 three times and you will get somewhere.

FRED L. PICK

You will, I feel sure, be interested in the results so far achieved in my preliminary numeralogical investigation into the present whereabouts of the stolen Coronation Stone.

Starting from the datum line:
CORONATION STONE
WESTMINSTER ABBEY

we arrive at:

3, 15, 18, 15, 14, 1, 20, 9, 15, 14, 19, 20, 15, 14, 5	197
24, 5, 19, 20, 13, 9, 14, 19, 20, 5, 18, 1, 2, 2, 5, 25	201
	398

thus obtaining the significant fact that *the Stone is 398 miles from Westminster.*

Moreover, the date of disappearance was:
25th December, 1950 — 25.12.50.

Adding the digits we have 2 + 5 + 1 + 2 + 5 + 0	15
As only 1 article was stolen, we subtract	1
	14

Transliterating 14 gives us N — *North.*

The Stone is thus 398 *miles North of Westminster.*

Lack of further data precludes me from pursuing my investigations, but I am confident that if Scotland Yard put at my disposal any additional information they might have, I should be able accurately to pinpoint the spot where the Stone now lies.

Payment for my services would be altogether abhorrent to me—just ordinary out-of-pocket expenses, for which I know I could rely on the Yard's liberality.

C. J. PREBBLE

Dear Fellow-Seeker,

I noted with joy that my Message of Jany 1st reached you, at least in part. How very odd that it should have led to a public statement anent my celebrated Dutch colleague! Truly, there is *Much we do Not Understand.*

When we meet, you must tell me what was Received and you shall hear from me what was Sent. The comparison may be of *Untold Value;* we must not overlook the possibility that Interference may be the

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work of *Hostila Forces*, in whose possession the Stone may well be.

The Stone will be found before the month is out; depend upon it. The way will be hard; there is so much here, so much Historical Association. I find that I must achieve the *Gamma* degree of Concentration before I can rid my mind of Mary Queen of Scots, though I banish James VI at Delta. At all stages, however, I receive a clear picture of Waterloo Bridge; that is a definite clue and we must work on it.

But of course the Investigation demands the *Right Surroundings*. I am coming *with all haste* to London.

Believe me, Your dear friend in Libra,
Hannah Moore.

FRANK CARPENTER

Dear Sirs,

Having seen as how the Stone is missing, I wish to offer my services. My methods are up to date having been successful since 1916 in the matter of finding water, locating bodies and so forth. It is my belief that this article is now in Scotland which would mean an extra charge on my fees which are moderate, considering the rise in price of equipment. Not being a mineral of course makes it more difficult but I can guarantee results as I have the rings to go on. My great grandfather used this method in 1897 and I can confidently recommend same being always on the side of law and order. As my motto is satisfaction and distance no object your early instructions would oblige. If you wish the Stone repolished I can recommend a friend whose charges are reasonable. Hoping for an early reply as it would be better to have it found before the Festival.

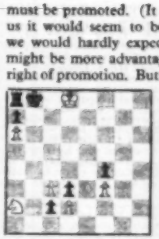
Yours truly,

J. V. C. BALLANTINE

CHESS: Promotion—Right or Duty?

No. 72

Though there is nothing ambiguous about it in the Rules of Chess one can find good players not quite sure whether a P, on reaching the 8th rank, may or must be promoted. (It *must* be, of course.) To most of us it would seem to be a purely academic question; we would hardly expect ever to have to decide if it might be more advantageous to renounce the coveted right of promotion. But look at this position (concocted by B. Petchov). Black to move. Obviously, by Kt-Kt4 White can threaten inescapable mate on B6, no matter how the Black P was promoted. But if Black could play P-B8, renouncing the right of promotion, he would certainly secure (at least) a draw. Admittedly, that sort of position is unlikely to arise in a practical game. But it would certainly affect the problemist and the study-composer if the rule were changed. Those who advocate the change—not unlike the "stalemate reformers" who want to give the stalemater ½ point as against ½ for the one stalemated—profess to have the force of logic on their side of the argument. I am most emphatically against any such change of rules. As for the stalemate, let us quarrel about that some other time. But as for the alleged logic and fairness in permitting us to renounce the right of pawn-promotion, that may well be so. Yet I still think it would be an insult to the very spirit of the game. Surely we cannot have space occupied by so much dead wood. After all, we do not let our casualties linger on the board. They are whisked away as soon as their capturer rightfully takes their place. It might be argued that a pawn, unwilling to be promoted at his journey's end, is not a casualty. Very well then, call him petrified. We haven't any room for that either. We've got to keep our men moving. At least potentially so. I wonder if many readers share or oppose my strong feelings on that subject.



A: F. Bethge, 1949

B: K. A. L. Kubbel, 1928

C: E. N. Nasimovicz, 1929

In to-day's competition, no one of the three studies could be called easy; but none is quite as back-breaking either as one or the other of recent "teasers." They have all got something to do with pawn-promotion and they may be fairly rated with 6 points each, if I give the additional little hint that in B as well as in C competitors will encounter rather neat "echo" ideas.

White to move in all of them, but A and B are wins for White while C is a draw.

Usual prizes. Entries by February 26.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set January 27

A: (1) P-R3, PxP ch, (2) K-B4, P-Kt4, (3) K-B5, P-Kt5 (4) PxP mate.
B: (1) R-Kt8, RxR, (2) B-B3 ch, Q-Kt2, (3) Q-Kt8 ch, RxQ, (4) Kt-B7 mate.
C: (1) Q-K7 ch, Q-Kt4, (2) Q-K4 ch, Q-Kt5, (3) Q-K3, etc. If (1) . . . P-Kt4, (2) Q-K1 ch, etc.

This proved as easy as I expected, with such an abundance of perfectly correct solutions that the prizes, once again, can be shared by some of those who have rarely if ever appeared in a prize list—M. W. Beckelman, B. W. Clapp, J. T. Naylor, P. T. S. Sandon, S. R. Shaw, H. Seydoux.

Dpt. of errors: In last week's Loyd problem the Q on KB1 should, of course, be the White K.—In the list of Abrahams' refutors—that Gaerths study again!—H. Lomas was inadvertently left out.

ASSIAC

WHERE TO STAY

COME to "Clutha," Lower Bourne, Farnham, for Holidays and Home in Festival of Britain Year. Delightful country house, every comfort, good food and beds. Book early. Phone Frensham 293.

HASTINGS 4571. Congenial, socialist, musical atmosphere. Excel. meals; gardens. Families assured perfect holiday. Continental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

ANNOUNCING a private hotel for those with socially constructive outlook. St. Leonards has been selected because of its unique protection from N. & N.E. Normanhurst (28 beds) is well appointed, faces South on best part sea-front. From 14s. daily. £4 to £6 10s. weekly including gratuities, early tea to room, 4 meals daily, coffee. Centrally heated bedrooms in winter. H. & c. and spring interior mattresses every bedroom, many twin-bedded. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Riverfield Parade, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Phone Hastings 4784. Medically commended, protective climate, opposite all-weather promenade.

CONVALESCENCE, winter rest or residence recommended at St. Leonards-on-Sea. See advertisement by Normanhurst above. Congenial. Reduction on above terms for those staying four weeks or more in winter. Warm bedrooms and lounges.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Blazing log fires welcome you and a friendly staff look after your comfort. Good food a speciality here. Sharpthorne 17.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Fishing, golf. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel.: 71.

ENGLISH Lakes. Come to our restful countryside for complete change. Highly recommended. Mrs. Harden, "Dorchester," 17 Southey St., Keswick, Cumb. Tel. 399.

DEVON & Cornwall for early holidays. Guest Houses in delightful surroundings. Very reas. terms. Illustrated brochure No. 18 free: Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish, Devon.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA for milder winter or spring holidays (see announcement near head of column). Enquire now also for Summer; boating; fishing; bathing (own tent); lovely Sussex countryside. Summer £4 14s. 6d to £7 12s. 6d. Recom. by members of Toc H, W.V.S.; also Quakers, &c. Open to all with socially constructive outlook or in sympathy similar ideals. Congenial. Splendidly appntd. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Eversfield Parade. Best part sea front.

SPRING & Summer in Ireland. Family living in charming & comfortable old country house, 25 miles from Dublin, would take a few guests for long or short stays. Mrs. N. S. Hickey, Skreen Castle, Tara, Co. Meath.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

SWITZERLAND. Convalescence, holidays, winter sports, ski-school, 3,370ft. high Guest House, comfort, excellent cuisine, personal attention. 14 francs dly., inc. Write brochure: "Le Cerisier," Csux-sur-Montreux.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. Really one of Cornwall's Gems. Stay at The Lawns Hotel where food and comfort matter. Unrivalled position overlooking bay. Running water in all bedrooms. Terms 4½-6½gns. weekly. Write for brochure or Phone 291.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. A real rest in lovely country within reach Eastbourne. Own produce. Spacious grounds. Comfy beds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, East Sussex. Telephone: Horeham Road 32.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrooms. Terms: Oct. to May, 5½-5gns; summer, 5-7gns. Phone Hastings 5110.

BOGNOR Sea Front. Pier View, Steyne. Bognor Regis Central. Board Res., every comfort, h. & c. and fires all rooms. Children welcomed, half price sharing with parents. Good, liberal table. Special early bookings: 3½gns. June 4½gns. July 5gns. August 6gns. Apply for brochure or 'phone 993.

DEVON'S Friendliest Hotel. Bevan's Lyn Valley Hotel, Lynmouth. Excellent cuisine, fully licd. H. & C. all bedrms. Spacious Lounges, Ballroom, Games Rm. R.A.C. Apply: T. H. Marriott, Resident Manager.

HIKERS, cyclists: accom. & board, woodland cottage, nr. Beaconsfield, Bucks. 3½gns. weekly. Box 9731.

KENNACK Sands (South Cornwall). Quiet, friendly Guest House. Magnificent sea views, safe, sandy beach. Near to Cadgwith, The Lizard, Mullion. From 5gns. Kennack House, Kuggar, Ruan Minor, Nr. Helston.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation, beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce. Terms 5gns., special terms for family party. Telephone: Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. For early holidays and honeymoons in a Riviera climate. A.A. recommended. Just above sea, in 3 acres grounds. Mod. comfort; esc. "home" chg. Tel.: 316.

WEST Coast of Ireland. Come early and enjoy the Atlantic breezes and good food. Avondale House, Mallaranny, Co. Mayo.

RYE (near) holiday accommodation in country cottage. Farm produce. Full particls.: Grahame James, The Mill, Iden, Sussex. Tel. Iden 205.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

LEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful valley, but close Pont-y-Pant stn. Mountains. Easy access coast. Mod. comf. Continental type cooking. From 6gns. Buich Bach Guest Hse., Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

N. CORNWALL coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands, bathing, surfing, buses, 5 mins. H. & C. No extras. Mod. chges. unchanged. Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

PORLOCK, Halsecombe House, Exmoor & sea. Friendly guest house, magnificent scenery, own, well-cooked produce. Personal attention. Mr. & Mrs. W. J. Holmes. Tel. 209.

HASTINGS. "Oakhurst" Vegetarian Guest House, The Ridge. Every modern con., 15 acres, excellent cuisine, 25 bedrooms. 4-6½gns. Non-vegetarians will also be delighted with the meals & congenial atmosphere. You'll always be pleased you came to "Oakhurst."

EIRE. Mountain View Hotel, Achill Island, Dugort, Co. Mayo. Ideally situated midst mountains and sea. Good bathing strand. Excellent catering. Terms, £5 10s. Mrs. S. H. Hoban.

RESTFUL weekend in the New Forest, warmth, good food and lovely surroundings. 2 guineas. Box 1333.

OXON. Reduced terms for guests winter-long at Croft House Hotel, Burcot, Oxon. Good food. Tel. Clifton Hampden 32.

A HOMELY welcome, exc. cuisine and sunny holidays await you at Hotel Celine Rose, Menton, A.M. 1,200fr. incl. per day.

CORNWALL. Spring, so full with flowers, comes in January here among Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Excellent for asthma. Every comfort. Trebartock Manor, Port Isaac 234.

"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to good hotels, inns, etc., in Britain's loveliest holiday counties Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

BRITTANY. Small quiet pension de famille overlooking sea. Excellent bourgeois cooking. 16s. (800 frs.) p.d. inc. Maertun, Kerminic, Plougasnou, Finisterre.

BIRKS Barbrook Cottage, Lynton 3217. N. Devon. See Exmoor & Lorna Doone country in comfort.—Special early season terms.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TYPING: MSS./general. Miss Ross, 14 Beechcroft Court, N.W.11. Mea. 1333.

MSS., Plays, stories, articles, accurately typed. Mod. charges. Box 1066.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. 5230 and FRE. 8640.

TYPING, etc.—continued

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 7 Stone Bldgs., Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. CHA. 7839.

DUPLICATING by experts. Prompt, efficient. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., London, N.19. Archway 1765, Ex. 1.

THE St. Stephen's Secretariat undertakes all kinds of typing and duplicating, provides skilled shorthand-typists, temporary and permanent, and can arrange office facilities in Whitehall. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1. WHI. 0606 & 2416.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Mod. chgs. 1 Northgate House, 122 Heath St., Hampstead, N.W.3. HAM. 3527.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

LITERARY typing, 7-day service all MSS., (4-day emergency service for urgent work). Dictating machine service. Duplictg., indexing, editing, proof reading, cataloguing, etc. Translns. (all languages). Qualified Secretaries at short notice. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831/Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting of every description undertaken under personal supervision, by careful and intelligent typists. Express service if desired. Duplicating 24 hours. Special checking service for theses. Translations. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. Mat. 7479.

RANK Secretarial Service: MSS. accurately typed, Novels, theses 7 days. Careful checking, Duplctg. Transls. all langs. Mod. terms. 4 Queensborough Terrace, W.2. BAY. 1600.

FIRST-Class typing, duplicating, translation service. Prompt delivery. Ilian Typewriting Agency, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. Rus. 5676. 108 Chepstow Rd., W.2. Bay. 5087.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15, Strand, W.C.2. All office staff—perm. and temp. Typing, Duplctg., Translations. WHI. 3501 (3 lines).

TRANSLATIONS: French, German, Italian. Typg: prompt, accurate. Moderate terms. SPEedwell 6644.

GUARANTEED translations lit. & gen. from/into Fr., Span., Itl., Russ., Pol., by known author. Research work connected above languages, Harrinse, 19, Mornington Avenue, W.14. Tel. FUL. 4521.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Assistant Engineering Establishment Officer. The work of Engineering Establishment Department embraces administration and welfare of over 3,700 engineering, operating, administrative, clerical and manual staff at all B.B.C. Centres in United Kingdom; recruitment and appointment of technical and manual staff; preparation and issue of instructions on all aspects of staff administration, welfare, conditions of employment and rates of pay; general administration, including control of staff revenue expenditure. The duties of the post include acting as deputy to Engineering Establishment Officer and responsibility for the day to day running of the Department. Candidates should preferably be qualified engineers under 45 years of age and have experience in charge of engineering staff, proved ability in staff management and general administration in a senior capacity, a flair for detail work and an interest in broadcasting. Starting salary £1,155 per annum, rising by annual increments on a five year's progression to a maximum of £1,485 per annum. Successful applicant will become eligible for consideration for appointment to established staff (Contributory Pension Scheme) after two years' qualifying period. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, to reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "A.E.E.O., N. Stn." For acknowledgement please enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

UNIVERSITY of Belfast. Applications are invited for two Lectureships in Economics in The Queen's University of Belfast. (1) Salary £900 by £50 to £1,150. (2) salary £550 by £50 to £850, and on certain conditions being satisfied, to £1,150. Both posts have contributory pension under the F.S.S.U. Initial placing on the scales will depend on experience and qualifications. Applications should be received by April 2, 1951. Partics. from G. R. Cowie, M.A., LL.B., Secy.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow.—Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Agricultural Economics in the Department of Political Economy. Salary scale: £500 to £1,100. Initial salary according to experience and qualifications. F.S.S.U. and family allowance benefits. Applications (5 copies) should be lodged not later than February 28, 1951, with the undersigned from whom further particulars can be obtained. Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of University Court.

UNIVERSITY of Durham, Institute of Education. It is proposed to appoint either one or two Staff Tutors, in the fields of Drama, Music, Study of the Creative Use of Spoken and Written Language including Drama. The person or persons appointed would be expected to work either wholly or mainly in courses for teachers of young children. There are already three Staff Tutors engaged in these courses. Appointment within range of salary scale £500 rising annually by £50 to £1,100. F.S.S.U. superannuation and family allowance. Appointment from September 1, 1951. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham, with whom applications (ten copies), giving the names of not less than three referees, should be lodged by Friday, March 9, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for the vacant post of Professor of Chinese. Salary: $17,200-$800-$21,200 (£1,075-£50-£1,325) p.a. with expatriation pay where applicable of $7,600 (£475) p.a. and a variable High Cost of Living Allowance. Candidates must have specialised with degrees in Chinese Literature from well-known Universities and a wide knowledge of Chinese History, Political and Social, as well as a thorough command of English. Study or teaching abroad will be an added qualification. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is March 25, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applications are invited for the following posts: (1) Lecturer in Geology. (2) Lecturer in English Language. Salary scales: Grade I, £800-£1,100; Grade II, £500-£900; initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by Saturday, March 3.

SCHOOL of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Applications are invited for the post of Editorial Secretary, to carry out the routine duties of editorship in connection with the School's academic publications, the Bulletin and a new bibliographical year-book, the Oriental Year. The Editorial Secretary will work under the direction of the Chairmen of the respective Editorial Boards, and will be provided with part-time clerical assistance. Applicants should have some experience of editorial and bibliographical work; a knowledge of foreign languages (not necessarily oriental) will be an advantage. Salary according to experience and qualifications on the scale £550—£25—£650—£50—£750 p.a. with membership of superannuation scheme. Applications, giving full details of qualifications and experience, must be submitted to the Secretary of the School by March 10, 1951.

WARDEN'S Assistant and Boys' Club Leader for large Jewish Settlement in East London. Residence optional. Salary by arrangement. Apply Box 1430.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council. Applications are invited for the post of Principal of the St. Albans School of Art. When expansion is possible the School of Art will become the Herts College of Art with new buildings in St. Albans. An Artist is looked for who, besides being an experienced teacher of painting, has a broad understanding of the visual arts and their relation to general education. The main aim of the Art School is to develop artists and craftsmen who will qualify by the A.T.D. of the Ministry of Education, but in addition it is proposed to establish a new Department within the School of Art to take over the responsibility for the co-ordination of art education in the County's Schools and to provide a link between the teaching of art and other educational activities in the County, including exhibitions. Commencing salary £1,000 p.a., with additions for training and qualifications. Further information may be obtained from the County Education Officer, County Hall, Hertford, to whom applications, accompanied by testimonials and the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent within three weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service, Mauritius. Woman Nutrition Officer required to investigate and advise on nutrition problems and to instruct local personnel. Selected candidate will be engaged on agreement for three years. Salary scale £375 to £660, point of entry according to age, qualifications, and experience. Appropriate cost of living allowances. Free passages. Income tax at low local rates. Candidates should hold the Diploma in Dietetics. Experience in scientific or educational work and in dietary problems of a large hospital or educational institution is desirable. Further particulars and application forms available by writing to Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, quoting reference 3/27321/2/50.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Assistant Experimental Officer. Interviews will be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form and successful candidates may expect early appointments. The posts are in various Government Departments and divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Engineering Subjects, and (d) Miscellaneous (including e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). No vacancies exist at present for Biologists. Candidates must be at least 17½ years and under 26 years of age or under 31 for established Civil Servants of the Assistant (Scientific) Class on August 1, 1950; time spent on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces may be deducted from actual age. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification; but candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Higher qualifications will be regarded as an advantage to candidates over the age of 20. The inclusive London salary scale (men) is £230-£490. Salaries for women and for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Superannuation provision is made under the Superannuation Act. Further particulars and forms of application from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. 3068. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible and must in any case be received not later than July 31, 1951.

ROYAL Free Hospital School of Medicine (University of London), 8 Hunter St., W.C.1. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Administrative Clerk (woman). Secretarial experience essential. Preference given to graduates. Salary £350 x £25 x £450 with superannuation. Lunch and tea provided. Five weeks' holiday. Applications, with copies of two testimonials, should be sent to the Warden & Secretary as soon as possible.

DEVON County Council. Children Department. Applications are invited from women holding a Social Science Certificate, Certificate in Child Care or other similar qualification, for the post of Children's Visitor to undertake duties in connection with the Children Act, 1948. Salary in accordance with A.P.T.I. (£390 x £15—£435) with motor car and subsistence allowances. Further particulars can be obtained from the Children's Officer, Bradninch Hall, Castle Street, Exeter. Applications should be received within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. H. A. Davies, Clerk of the County Council, The Castle, Exeter.

LONDON County Council. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for 6 positions of Housemother Class I to act as relief staff for residential children's establishments in London and the Home Counties. A recognised qualification in child care would be an advantage and experience of similar work is essential. Applicants must be prepared to spend either long or short periods in different establishments and to move at short notice. A permanent "base" will be established at which residential quarters and board will be available. Weekly rate of pay 117/-, less 23/- a week in respect of board, lodging and laundry. Annual leave 4 weeks, including public holidays or days in lieu. Further details and application forms on receipt of stamped addressed foolscap envelope from the Children's Officer (CH.A.2.116), The County Hall, S.E.1. (120)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

METROPOLITAN Borough of Islington. Public Health Department. Appointment of Secretary. Applications are invited for the undermentioned appointment in the Public Health Department. Secretary (Female) to Medical Officer of Health. Applicants must be competent shorthand-typists and have had previous secretarial experience. The person appointed will also be required to perform supervisory duties. Salary in accordance with the National Joint Council scale as follows: Higher Clerical Division £354 x £12 to £390 per annum plus London Weighing up to £30 p.a. The appointment is subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act 1937, the N.J.C. Scheme of Conditions of Service, and to the successful applicant passing a medical examination. The Council is unable to make any arrangements for the provision of housing accommodation for the successful candidate. Applications, stating age, experience, qualifications and names and addresses of two referees must be forwarded to the Medical Officer of Health, Town Hall, Upper Street, N.1, so as to reach him not later than 22nd February, 1951. Testimonials may also be required to be produced. Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, will disqualify. H. Dixon Clark, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Upper St., N.1.

ESSEX C.C. House Matron required at Newport House, Great Baddow, near Chelmsford, a Remand Home for twenty girls. Post offers scope to woman interested in social work and with sympathetic understanding of delinquent girls. Salary £240 x £12—£280 p.a., less £78 for board and lodging. Additional payment is made for any duties necessarily undertaken in excess of 48 hours a week. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Assistant House Mothers required for Children's Homes for boys and girls of mixed ages. Candidates should have training or some experience of work with children, and should be able to join in their activities and interests. Practical ability in needlework and cookery is also required. It is not at present possible to consider for these posts candidates who wish to have their own children with them. Minimum salary £247 per annum less valuation of full residential emoluments. Enquiries to Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

LEICESTERSHIRE Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Advisory Officer for Music. Qualifications and teaching experience, if any, should be stated as well as practical experience. The main job of the person appointed will be to stimulate an interest in music, in listening to it but especially in making it, among adults and youth both in the villages and towns. Work in schools however will not be excluded. He will form part of a team of advisory officers already appointed for Art, Drama, Music and Crafts. Salary will be in accordance with Grade II of the Report of the Commission on Salary Scales and Service Conditions of Inspectors, Organisers and Advisory Staff of Local Education Authorities, i.e., £700 per annum by £25 to £850 (men) and £630 per annum by £20 to £750 (women). Consideration will be given to applications from registered disabled persons. Applications (no forms) with the names of three referees and two recent testimonials should be forwarded to the undersigned within fourteen days of the publication of this advertisement. Stewart C. Mason, Director of Education, County Education Office, Grey Friars, Leicester.

LONDON County Council requires good homes for girls and boys who are leaving residential schools and take up employment. Particulars of payments for board and accommodation, etc., may be obtained from the L.C.C. Area Children's Officer, Area No. 4, Kings Mead Way, Marsh Hill, Homerton E.9. (135)

WELLGARTH Nursery Training College (Inc.), London, N.W.11. The Committee invites application for the appointment of Principal. The post, which is resident, requires a good administrator with wide interests and initiative, and experience in the training of Students for Nursery work. A thorough knowledge of the care of small children from a to 5 years is essential. Clerical, and some experience of Nursery School work is desirable. Write for further details of the post and form of application to the Chairman, at 37 Southway, London, N.W.11.

Graduate masters (single) reqd. in May. Preferably interested in boxing, drama and/or Art. Co-educational vegetarian school with some difficult children. Box 1229.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex, requires teachers for kindergarten and 9-10 years' group. Also Housemother. Apply Dorothy Mansfield, B.Sc., Principal.

INSTRUCTOR reqd. by School of Journalism. A congenial opening for a man or woman who combines practical experience of article and or short story writing with a flair for teaching. Applicants are invited to write fully (in confidence), giving details of exp. and stating age and salary reqd. Box 1497.

SECRETARY with sound book-keeping, good standard education, adaptability, some foreign travel experience, required for Personal Travel Service. Shorthand, typing and driving advantage. References, handwritten applications, to Box 1381.

ASST. trainee small Nursery Group, mornings only. Suit girl pre-college. Gaster, 28, Corringham Rd., N.W.11. SPE. 3948.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MATRON required now, or in May. Expd. and with knowledge of nature cure methods. Co-educational vegetarian school with some difficult children. Box 1230.

HOUSE Mistress reqd. for Ploverfield School, Bursledon, Hants. A Junior Approved School for girls. Salary (based on Home Office Scale) according to exp. Apply for further partics. to Head Mistress.

EAST London Children's Moral Welfare Committee. Children's Worker (woman) required. Salary according to Federation of Social Workers. Exp. with children essential. Apply Sec., 52 Strand-on-the-Green, W.4.

JEWISH Board of Guardians has vacancies for men or women as personal secretaries to: (a) The property & equipment officer. (b) The publicity & appeals officer. Candidates must have sound experience of office routine and management and be able to work on their own initiative. Shorthand and typing essential. Non-contributory pension scheme. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Apply in writing, with full particulars, to the Sec., 127 Middlesex St., Bishopsgate, E.1.

CLERICAL Assistant required, Central London, in trade union office. Efficient shorthand typist and good at figures essential. Able to work on own initiative. £7 a week. Apply Box 1495.

COMPANION required in February for middle-aged unmarried lady in country near London. Resident domestic staff kept; comfortable accommodation. Education and interests essential, some nursing experience an advantage. Responsibility with tact required. State salary and other relevant particulars. Reply to "C. R. F." c/o Dixons, 1-9 Hills Place, Oxford St., London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMEN graduates and educated girls will shortly complete their training and become available for employment as secretaries and shorthand-typists. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers, please write or 'phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

EX-Serviceman (27) keen, intelligent, fluent German, French, knowledge book-keeping, some typing, seeks position with prospects. Box 1312.

ENGLISHMAN, 25, seeks interesting job. Literary, artistic, loves good talk, feature articles. Organised carnivals, meetings. Experience office work. Box 1490.

AMERICAN, 27, B.A. Political Science, interested World Affairs, international cooperation, desires position dealing with above or Human Relations. Scope for initiative and advancement. Box 1337.

WOMAN Doctor (28) seeks non-medical work preferably in publishing but anything considered. Interests literature, languages, music, art. Salary less important than interesting work. Box 1278.

EXPD. Assistant Master, main subjects, mod. languages, shs. post. Box 1281.

EDUCATED woman, M.A., secretarial training, experienced administrative and organising work, knowledge China & the Far East, requires post London. Box 1243.

SHORTHAND typist, age 38, good speeds 9 and education, wide experience, requires position. 5-day week. Box 1223.

YOUNG lady secondary school educ., pianist seeks employ. with children in Kindergarten school, also Piano teaching. Box 1299.

FELLOWSHIPS & STUDENTSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London, Leon Fellowship. Applications are invited for the Leon Fellowship for Research (preferably in the fields of Economics or Education) for the Session 1951-52. The Fellowship is of the value of not less than £500 a year, and is tenable in the first instance for one year. It is not essential that candidates should be members of a University, but they are expected to put forward a programme of research of an advanced character and to produce evidence that they can carry it out. Selected candidates will be required to attend for interview. Further particulars should be obtained from the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1, and applications for the Fellowship must be received not later than April 1, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St., W.C.1). Applications are invited for a Goldsmiths' Company's Postgraduate Studentship in London History, of the value of £300 p.a., tenable for one year from July 1, 1951, and renewable for a second year. Candidates, who must be of British nationality, should apply on before May 15, 1951, to Sec., from whom full particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of London. Applications are invited for the Hoover Post-Graduate Studentship in Physics, Chemistry, Engineering or an allied subject, tenable from October 1, 1951, for two years. The Studentship, which is of the value of £275 a year, is open to both Internal and External Graduates of the University (students taking their Final Examination in June, 1951, are not eligible). Applications (on a prescribed form) must reach the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom a form of application and further particulars may be obtained), not later than March 1, 1951.

BURSARIES

FIRCROFT. Residential College for Working Men. Bursaries 1951-52. The Fircroft Committee are able to offer six bursaries (£60-£120) for a one year's course of study in Economics, Politics, History, International Relations, Social Studies, English Language and Literature, etc., for the year beginning September 29, 1951. Copies of the prospectus and application forms can be obtained from the Warden, Fircroft College, Bournville, Birmingham 30.

PERSONAL

WILL professional family offer au pair accommodation to French lady wishing to improve English. Kauffmann, 119 bis rue Cardinet, Paris 17e.

VACANCIES for party ticket to Avignon. Mar. 22. Ret. bet. 31/7 Apr. Box 1489.

BUNGALOW/cottage/flat required two weeks June/July. Pref. near sea. Mature quiet couple, most careful tenants. Box 1252.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

BOUQUET of Acts from Ceylon. "Kalamanjari," a periodical devoted to the arts, edited by William Peiris. Printed in English on art paper. First issue just out contains an illuminating article on Dr. Ananda K. Coomarswamy by his widow, besides 12 other profusely illustrated articles and 7 colour plates. Dr. Agrawala, head of the National Museums of India, Lady Moore and Dr. Mulk Raj Anand are among contributors. 4s. a copy. Postage 1s. Obtainable from Publishers, Hemachandra Bros., Kollupitiya, Colombo, Ceylon, or London Bookshops.

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, History, Economics, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Sadleir, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. February issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a., post free).

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ENTERTAINMENTS

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GATEWAY, Westbourne Grove, W.2, com. Tues., Feb. 20, for one week, exp. 7.45, Sunday, 3.30 and 7.15. The Simms Marionettes, presented by Rd. Heller, Peter and the Wolf (Prokofiev), Danse Macabre (Saint Saens), Sea Breezes, The Enchanted Pool. Tkts., 5s., 3s. & 2s., from Gateway Theatre. BAY. 1910. Mems. & guests only.

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SHAW Society: Playreading "Candida" with Ellen Pollock as Candida. Richard Morris, Eric Batson. Sat., Feb. 17, 2.45, Victory House, Leicester Sq., W.1. 2s. 6d. (Mems. 2s.)

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until Feb. 25: Première of Renoir's "La Regle du Jeu" (A): Also "The Eiffel Tower" (U).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Feb 18, 7.30. "Mio Figlio Professore" (U).

EAST and West Film Society. "To Live in Peace" (Italian): "A String of Beads" (Indian). Sun., Feb. 25, 5.30. Mems., 3s. 6d.; guests 4s. 6d. Annual subscription 5s. Enrol now at the Irving Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

KING Arthur (Purcell). Royal Albert Hall, Wed., Feb. 21, at 8. Gwen Catley, Marjorie Avis, Nancy Thomas, Parry Jones, Owen Brannigan. B.B.C. Choral Society. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., at Hall (Ken. 8212) and Agents.

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SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Feb. 18, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Holborn. Kathleen Long, Antonio Brosa, Dennis Brain. Beethoven Pf. and Hn. Son. Bloch No. 1, Pf. Vn. Son. Brahms' Horn Trio. Adm. 1s.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Next week's concerts: Thurs. at 8: Alicia Chislett (piano), Mary Vitkovitch (contralto), Laurence West (acc.). Works by Scarlatti, Liszt, de Falla, Herberigs (1st perf. in England); songs by Handel, Purcell, Bliss. Fri. at 8: Maurice Hardy (cello), Geoffrey Corbett (piano). Sonatas by Beethoven, Reizenstein, Dohnanyi, Bax Sonatina. 5s., 3s., at door, Chappell's, agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Chavreaux.

LONDON Contemporary Music Centre, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, S.W.1. Tues. next, at 7.30, Scandinavian Programme. Works by Blomdahl, Lidholm, Baeck (Sweden); Tarp, Weis, Bentzon (Denmark); Sæverud, Andersen (Norway). Frank Merrick (Pianoforte). L.S.O. Chamber Ensemble. Tkts. 5s. at R.B.A. Galleries and Chappell's.

ST. John's Wood Orchestra. Conductor Francis Oakes. Jürgen Hess (violin). Hampstead Town Hall, Tues., 20th, at 7.45. "The Seasons" (Vivaldi). "Besardo Suite" (Seiber). "Fantazia" (Byrd). Concerto Grosso in G (Handel). 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s.

PIANO and Violin Recitals by Jasmyn Kell and Tessa Robbins, A.R.C.M., will be presented for the St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33, Sevmour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Feb. 19 at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Sat., Feb. 17, Dance-Social from 7.30-11.30 p.m. Band. Refrs. Adm., Members 2s. 6d.; Friends 3s. 6d.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League. Dance, Sat., Feb. 17, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings and Drawings by W. Tiegue (W. Warobska) and pupils. Till Feb. 28. Daily 10-5; Sundays 2-6.

HUMPHREY Jennings Memorial Exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17/18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. Feb. 21-March 9. Weekdays 10-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Memorial Exhibition of the French artist, Maxime Maufra (1861-1918), a marine and landscape painter.

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EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields) every day 9-6 and on Saturday mornings. Catalogue sent on request.

LEICESTER Galls. (1) Elliott Seabrooke Memorial Exhib. (2) William Scott—New Works. 10-5.30. Last 5 days.

DANISH Illustrators of Today. An Arts Council Exhibition. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open daily, except Sundays, until March 3, 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission Free.

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LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Paintings by Hans Feibusch and Maurice Serullaz. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Jan Le Witt. New Lithographs by Picasso, Masson, Laurens and Kermadec. Until March 10.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Christopher Wood, M. Rothenstein, Khmeluk. Water Colours by Wilson Steer. Hours 10-6; Sat. 10-1.

EXHIBITION of Polish Book Covers and Illustrations at Grillion Galls., 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Open till March 3: daily 10-5; Sats. 10-1. Adm. 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BIRKBECK College (University of London), Breams Buildings, E.C.4. Three Lunch Hour Lectures on Philosophy of Democracy, by C. D. Hood on Fridays, 1.15-2: February 23, "Origins: Greece and Christianity"; March 2, "What Man is For"; March 9, "Equality and Freedom." Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Indonesia: Transfer of Sovereignty and Netherlands-Indonesian Union" will be delivered by Professor Baron van Asbeck (Leiden) at 5.30 p.m. on February 23 at School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

"GUNS for the Germans": Dr. Martin Niemoller, Lady Parmoor, Eric Fletcher, M.P., F. Blowen Jones, M.P., Viscount Stansgate & the chair, 7.30 p.m., February 23, Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, London, W.C.1. Adm. free. Collection. Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

PEACE with China. Public Meeting, Monday, Feb. 19, 8 p.m., Hampstead Garden Suburb Institute, Central Square, N.W.11. Speakers: Lady Selwyn-Clarke, Sidney Silverman, M.P., Lt.-Col. N. Reed-Collins, William Warbey. Adm. free.

I.C.A. Feb. 17, "At Home," 8-11 p.m. Feb. 20, Humphrey Jennings Memorial Exhibition. Private view. Speakers: Prof. Charles Madge, Miss Kathleen Raine and Mr. Basil Wright. Feb. 21, Exhibition open to the public 10-6. Feb. 23, Records: "Trilogy of Opera Mimutes" (Darius Milhaud). Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17/18 Dover St., W.1. Gro. 6186. New members welcome.

GUILDFORD area readers of "The New Statesman" who find themselves in some agreement with statement of Prof. G. D. H. Cole (in "N.S. & N." of Feb. 3) are invited to a meeting at Guildcroft, 109 Epsom Road, at 4.30 Sun. aft., Feb. 25. Tea will be served. W. Van Clute.

"STOP Drift to War," St. Barnabas Church Hall, nr. Woodford Stn. (Central Line), Feb. 23, 7.45. Sylvia Pankhurst, Reginald Sorensen, M.P., Lord Chorley.

HAROLD Wilson, M.P., speaks at Kingsway Hall, W.C.1, on Sat., Feb. 17, at 2.30 p.m. on "Politics and Industry." Chair: Ian Mikardo, M.P. The Society of Socialist Managers and Technicians. Admission free. Everybody welcomed.

FABIAN Society Fork Lunch: Nat. Trade Union Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Feb. 21, at 12.45 p.m. Spkr.: Sir Richard Acland, M.P. Price 2s. 3d. Pay at door.

POALE Zion (Jewish Socialist Labour Party). Mon., Feb. 19, Protest meeting against German rearmament and release of War Criminals. Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., W.C., at 8 p.m. Speakers: Richard Crossman, M.P., Maurice Orbach, M.P., Dr. Lev Zelmanovits. All welcome.

Z Ex-Servicemen say Never Again. Protest against Call-up. Trafalgar Square, Sun., February 25, 3 p.m.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Tel. LANgham 6593). Symposium on Books in Poland. Speakers: Mr. Peter Flood, Miss Joan Rodker, Mr. Alec Waterman. Chair: Mr. Antoni Slonimski (Dir., Polish Cultural Inst.). Fri., Feb. 16, at 7.45 p.m., at 81 Portland Place, W.1. All welc. Refreshmts.

SOC. for Sex Education & Guidance. Wed. Feb. 21, Alec Craig on "Sex Education Abroad." Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

HAMPSTEAD Peace with China Council's next big meeting: Sir John Pratt, Elwyn Jones, M.P., Margery Perham, Finchley Road Baths, N.W.3., Sat. Feb. 24, 7.30.

KENSINGTON Fabian Society Discussion Group Meeting, Mon. Feb. 19 at 8 p.m. at Abingdon Arms, Abingdon Road, W.8. Speaker: Mr. G. H. Sargeant.

SOVIET Universities: Prof. C. L. Wrenn, Mr. Andrew Rothstein, speak on their recent visit. Fri., Feb. 23, 7.30, Anatomy Theatre, University College, Gower St., W.C.1. Tickets 1s. (members and students 6d.) from S.C.R. Education Section, 14, Kensington Square, W.8, or at door.

SHAW Society: John Fernald (Arts Theatre) on "Is a Producer Really Necessary?" Chair: Hugh Miller. 57 Dean St., W.1. Feb. 23, 7 p.m. Non-members, 2s.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1 February 24 at 6 p.m. M. Jean Rosol (Alliance Française): Chansons folkloriques françaises accompagnées à la guitare.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings 11 a.m. Feb. 18, H. Hamilton Fyfe, "The Problem of Peace." Questions after lectures. Adm. free.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday evenings, at 7 p.m. Feb. 20: Ashton Burall, "D. H. Lawrence Revalued." Adm. free. Collection.

THE Nature Cure Clinic. "Vegetarian Food Reform": Lecture-Demonstration by Mrs. Margaret Kent (Dietitian, late of St. Christopher's School, Letchworth). Mon., Feb. 19, 7.30 p.m., Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Adm. 2s.

PROF. Martin Buber. Lecture on "The Biblical Dialogue." Chair: Mr. J. Hale-y, M.Sc. Arranged by the Zionist Federation. Adolph Tuck Hall, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Thurs., Feb. 22, 8 p.m.

MR. D. W. Lee-Browne will speak on "The Problem of Stealing" Feb. 23 at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

PERSONALIST Group. Comparative Psychological Study No. 4. Freud-Groddeck. Lecture-Discussion between Dr. T. A. Werner (Freud) and Dr. Morris Robb (Groddeck). Question Master: Robert George Miles. Conway Hall, Fri., Feb. 23, 7.30. Adm. free, collection.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sunday, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Feb. 18: The Mystery of Man.

BUDDHIST Society, Cymric Hall, 4 Gunnister, S.W.1. Public Lecture, Thurs., Feb. 22, 6.30: "First Principles of Buddhism (1). The Three Signs of Being." Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m., Feb. 22: "Vedanta as a Factor in Civilization."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (Swami Ghanananda, Minister). At Kingsway Hall, Thurs., Feb. 22, 7.30 p.m. Swami Akhilananda, Swami Pavitrananda and Swami Ajayananda of Boston and New York Vedanta Societies, en route to U.S.A., as guest speakers of the London Centre, will speak on Vedanta. All welcome.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc., Sun., Feb. 18, at 7.45, 783 Finchley Rd., Golders Grn. (Regal 113 buses stop). Prof. Craig on "Humanism: An Ethical Creed?"

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Task of Humanism in the Present Situation." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sun., Feb. 18, at 11 a.m.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Feb. 20, at 7.45 p.m. Mr. Andrew Rothstein speaking on "The Significance of the Events of February, 1948, in Czechoslovakia." Chair: Mr. Percy Belcher, Gen. Sec. Tobacco Workers' Union. All welcome. Adm. free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Mon., Feb. 19, 7.30 p.m., N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Industry versus the Crafts—through the eyes of an ornamental ironworker": Jack Schrier. Adm. 1s. 6d.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Feb. 22, 6.30 p.m. Prof. E. Cammaerts, D.Lit., on "Uncle Leopold." A Sketch of the Relationship between Queen Victoria and Leopold I. Adm. free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Israel's Music in Historic Sequence." Illustrated talk by Sidney Kisilevsky. Sunday, Feb. 18 at 8 p.m. Non-members 1s.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc. continued

"BRITISH Diplomacy and the Crisis in the East and West." Week-end Conference organised by Central London Fabian Society, March 16-18. Beatrice Webb Memorial House, Nr. Dorking. Speakers include Andrew Ross, Norman Mackenzie and Sidney Silverman, M.P. Apply: Miss Johnstone, 198 Somervell Rd., S. Harrow, Middx.

GEORGE Bernard Shaw memorial lectures, February 20, 27, March 6. Central Hall, S.W.1, 7.15 p.m. "Our Debt to Shaw." Speakers: Prof. C. E. M. Joad, The Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, M.P., Benn W. Levy. Series tickets, price 5s., from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. Single tickets—not reserved, 2s. 6d. at the door.

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UNIVERSITY of London. School of Slavonic and East European Studies. A Summer School of Slavonic and East European Languages will be held at Crossmead Hall, Exeter, from July 28 to August 25, 1951. Charge including tuition: 8gns. per week. For full information apply to Sec., Univ. of London, School of Slavonic and East European Studies, W.C.1. (MUS. 9782.)

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 201, 202, 203

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